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SEPTEMBER 3, 1979

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Editorial

How External can use Flora's courage, moral sensitivity and plain good sense



By Peter C. Newman

By MacGregor's masterful profile of Flora MacDonald (page 17) portrays her as a paragon. Our secretary of state for external affairs is an admirable, energetic new presence on the Canadian political scene. Yet in her new portfolio she seems possessed of few definable ideals, policies or even a sense of direction. Indeed if ever before has an administration moved into power with so few preconceived notions about our role in the world. (The only firm election promise Joe Clark made—to move our embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem—has sadly been relegated to the back of Robert Stanfield's mind.) Even during their days in Opposition, the Conservatives' only memorable disagreement with the Liberal government's conduct of our external relations came in 1976 over how best to label the Taiwanese team at the Montreal Olympics.

Flora, as she's known to everyone who ever shared a cup of coffee with her, is one of those rare politicians who manage, without giving up any of her partisan principles, to draw respect from every corner of the Commons. In the course of fighting off election campaigns in a wide spectrum of capacities and circumstances, she has grown to know every corner of this country and feel for its aspirations. She derives gen-

ius pride out of politics and believes herself fated to influence beneficially the course of Canadian history.

Flora moves into her exalted portfolio with a glowing reputation. Her courage, moral sensitivity and plain good sense equip her better than anyone else since Lester Pearson to reorient an institution for political pragmatism with a ringing sense of idealism and come up with some bold new external initiatives.

Nothing is more important than to provide our diplomats abroad—and we have some of the best ambassadors in the business—with a sense of priorities and direction. So far, the new PC government has merely demonstrated its ability to digest the briefings of its senior civil servants. It isn't enough.

At its best, Canadian foreign policy has never been a partisan issue. History seldom evolves as an orderly progression of events tailored to fit party platforms. The world turns in an accumulation of tumbling paradoxes, anything can happen and nothing is foreseeable. Those who manage our foreign policy live in a presence of infinite contingencies that no doctrine can encompass and no grand design can subjugate.

Still, it's the only world we've got and Canada's geographic, economic and political realities equip us for a far more active participation in the diplomatic maneuvers that can help cool off some of the world's existing and potential hot spots.

Maclean's

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Joe and Claude—if the rumors are right, there could be a marriage of convenience

During a two-hour private meeting last week, René Lévesque praised Joe Clark for the improved state of his tattered French. A day later, though, Clark's guise in Quebec was less symbolic, as his government agreed to permit the use of French in the air lines throughout Quebec (see page 23). Behind the decision, taken only a week after the presentation of a government report approving the use of French as well as English by air controllers, was the cabinet's determination to prove quickly to Quebecers that the Conservatives can be as sensitive to national unity flashpoints as the Liberals. Yet to be determined is Clark's personal role and the attitude that his government will take during the referendum campaign. That will be a major agenda item this week at sessions of the inner cabinet in Jasper, Alberta.

The word inside is that the cabinet has ruled out a hands-off approach because it would be unacceptable for the prime minister not to respond to Lévesque. If he did not respond, it could allow Pierre Trudeau to emerge, solo, with the federal banner. An all-out assault against the referendum, even if the Conservatives could mount one, is also ruled out since Ottawa might then be seen as also forcing stamping on Quebec's aspirations. With only two Conservative MPs in Quebec and a mere handful of French-speaking cabinet ministers, Clark appears to be leaning toward a middle course, the key element

of which is enthusiastic backing for Claude Ryan, the Quebec Liberal leader. Clark reckons that he can play a role in convincing English speakers, seven of them Tories, to support the kind of institutional and constitutional change that Ryan advocates, giving federalism a fresh face.

Clark and compatriots, notably cabinet secretary Marcel Masse and communications adviser André Payette, are debating what to do about Ottawa's sprawling "national unity establishment." The Conservatives can be as sensitive to national unity flashpoints as the Liberals. Yet to be determined is Clark's personal role and the attitude that his government will take during the referendum campaign. That will be a major agenda item this week at sessions of the inner cabinet in Jasper, Alberta.

Roberts: Canada's next man in London



Clark with Ryan: party lines keep dissolve

lary about retaining advisers whom they identify with Pierre Trudeau, at a time when they are attempting to appear more flexible with the provinces. The bureaucrats, in turn, are trying to convince the government that they presented an option to the old government, but that Mr. Trudeau and his policies matter. Marc Lalonde, would opt for the hard line. A key indicator of which side prevails will be the fate of Gordon Rossiter, 68, head of federal-provincial relations in the cabinet office and, for 24 years, a dedicated adviser to six prime ministers. Also under review is the future of Paul Tellier, 63, an energetic and well-connected Quebecer appointed by Trudeau as co-ordinator of a special unit that works in French on referendum strategics. Both men could be shifted and the national unity information office, with a reputation for \$40,000-a-year people, is likely to be disbanded. "If I worked there," says a government adviser, "I'd be looking for a job."

Unemployed persons showing at least a tinge of Terry blue can apply to Jean Pigott, the defeated MP who is now Clark's adviser on senior appointments. The efficient bakery executive leaped into Clark's office vowing to oversee the installation of a kitchen from which she would serve meals for the PM and visiting dignitaries. Instead, Pigott is working under Clark's direction to draw up lists of candidates for hundreds of positions. In response to criticism that the government has been taken over by bureaucrats, Clark last week installed five new deputy ministers, including Bob of Montreal executive Grant Reader in the sensitive finance department. David Murray, Clark's chief political adviser, is headed for the Senate to fill a vacancy in Ontario. One of the biggest plums in the job of high commissioner in London, which is being vacated by Paul Martin. The short list of possible successors includes former trade minister George Hees and Ross Campbell, former chairman of Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. and a senior civil servant under then Prime Minister John Diefenbaker. Running effortlessly up the ranks of the civil service, however, is one other John P. Roberts, former premier of Ontario. In all, the appointments constitute one of Clark's more pleasant diversions, after the party's 16 years in the political wilderness. Purse one adviser: "The time has come for an equal opportunity office for Conservatives." Robert Lewis

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Pioneer echoes on a river of change

By 6:30 p.m. the eager performers are already gathering, fully two hours before the concert starts. Among them is tall George McMullen, 80, from nearby Charlton, Mass. "We been pick for five years," he declares. "But I wanted to come down tonight." Inside the small theatre informality is the rule, as musicians relax on the stage and in a backroom backstage as the concert begins a small whoosh of skills up the river road.

The smallish and the laid-back atmosphere surprise nobody, for this is Mirimichi, land of lumbering, salmon fishing, and—more upon a pine-wooden shipbuilding. Even more than that, Mirimichi is a palpable state of mind for the inhabitants of this broad New Brunswick river valley, and nothing conveys this better than the Mirimichi FolkSong Festival in Newmarket, New Brunswick. But as this year's three-day festival began in July the theme song could well have been Bob Dylan's "The Times They Are A-Changin'" for the old songs are passing with the older generation, and a new

musical tradition is threatening to take its place.

Some of the original Mirimichi songs were imported from Scotland, Ireland and England, while others were made up on the spot to describe local flora, flora, deerhunting, market days, feasts and stories of copper men. The heyday of this tradition was the latter part of the 19th century and the first two decades of the 20th. But it wasn't until 1947 that local boy Max Atkinson, who later found fame as Lord Beaverbrook, suggested to New Brunswick folklorist Louise Hawry "Why don't you get out and collect New Brunswick folksongs? I'll send you a fine recording machine."

Max's project stirred up interest, and a decade later the first Mirimichi FolkSong Festival was held. This event has been an annual showcase of folksongs ever since. But this year's version was a reminder of how quickly this bit of Canada's folk culture is fading into history. Many of the oldtimers who used to come from miles around to sing are gone now. Others were too ill to perform this year. To be sure, Wilmet MacDonald of Black River was still there, opening the festival with "The Lumber-

man's Alphabet" (A for the ax, and that goes all known, B for the boy that can use them size . . .). But even he admits: "We know 'em now, and there's not too much left."

What this means to the festival is an increasing influx of younger singers more inclined toward modern, albeit still homespun, ballads, and not everybody approves. An even more serious threat to the purists is the invasion of the guitar, an instrument unknown to the old woodcutters in their kinder days. James Wilson, a Rutgers University music professor who grew up on the Mirimichi, says that singing "without accompaniment" is the rule, as the guitar allows the singers a wide range of pitch for expressing vividly even moods of their songs. That freedom is expressed by the constant beat of a guitar, says Wilson, and as a result the singer can no longer effect "those very subtle mood changes."

The situation has created a dilemma for the festival's organizers—they must either welcome the newcomers with their guitars and contemporary versions to the Mirimichi or watch the event pass out of existence through attrition. The best hope for preserving the old songs is to teach them to young people, says organizer Hussey Mitchell, and indeed some younger singers seem amenable. When they came to the festival three years ago, says Sandy Hogan, leader of Musicians' Dropout, Tweed group, it was simply to enjoy it. But now, he says, "We've realized that somebody should learn the old songs and carry on." So this year Hogan faithfully included several lines of the impot-tweaking "The rest of it next year."

Meantime, the festival retains enough color and atmosphere to hint strongly at its unique genesis in the deep forest. When Wilmet MacDonald ends his song with the traditional "whoop," the knowledgeable audience erupts in applause. Eighty-five-year-old Frank Eddy has to be helped to the stage, but he sings with a strong, clear voice, now and then a few gap歟ers get up to accompany the fiddlers on stage.

How the folk festival will sort itself out, nobody knows. But then the folks around Mirimichi are used to vague endings, as the last lines of the Lumberman's Alphabet reveal:

"For the woods we down in the spring."

"And now I have sung all I'm going to sing, and how merry we are."

The last three letters I can't make them rhyme;

"If you can, please tell me in time, and how merry I'll be."

David Falster



McMullen (above) The best hope for the old ways is to teach them to the young

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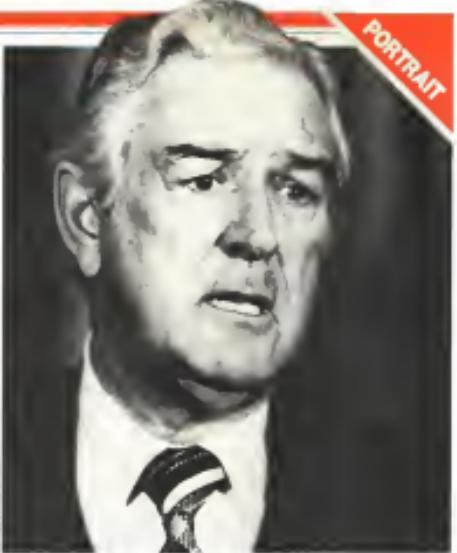
Hawk in search of a perch

By Ian Urquhart

John Bowden Connally leans his left, two-inch frame over the leather and faux leather, set in a permanent squat, on his audience of Grange County, California, businessmen. Connally says, with his right fist clenching into his left palm to emphasise the point, is entering a "climate of danger." It is being pelted around by CPAC, the Soviet Union, the Japanese, and just about everybody else. And things are going to get worse instead of better unless somebody turns the country around. Connally, as a presidential candidate, is offering himself for the job, but he is also asking the businessmen for help. "You're the inheritors of a great legacy of courage and vision in this nation," he tells them. "Is it enough that you just enjoy the fruits of the tree of freedom? Or are you willing to plow back something in order to plant new trees in the orchards of freedom so that your children and their children might also one day have the right to dream?"

His audience—a blustery crowd of about 600 which includes David Rockefeller as well as a muster of prominent West Coast businessmen—is brought to its feet cheering. Is Connally's rhetorical question, "What made him do it?" his campaign? Has in their view a former secretary of the treasury under Richard Nixon, secretary of the navy under John Kennedy, recipient of a bullet from Lee Harvey Oswald's rifle while governor of Texas, aide to Lyndon Johnson, naval officer, admiral, broadcaster, lawyer and minister. With his Texas drawl, his speech littered with "y'all," his right-wing rhetoric, his \$300,000-a-year ranch, and his shifting allegiances, he switched from the Democrats to the Republicans in 1972. Connally is a sort of American Jack Palance. But there is a big difference. Unlike Palance, who made a hapless run for the Conservative leadership in 1976, Connally has a real chance of winning the Republican nomination next summer and of becoming the next president of the United States.

For Canadians and the rest of the world, that could be bad news. Connally



Connally campaigning: he argues 'we can't be pelted around anymore'

is, above all, a jingoist, a modern-day Teddy Roosevelt, who would speak loudly as well as carry a big stick. All the Canadian enthusiasm in Washington, Connally is still remembered as the treasury secretary who helped the 18 percent surcharge on all imports and then refused to let Canada, despite numerous pleas for special consideration, take part in the 1971 U.S.-Mexico common market free trade pact. He tells his audience that Canada has oil, gas, car parts, coal and uranium, and holds out the hope that much of these resources would be available to the U.S. under his proposed common market. He is not deterred by the fact that Canada is committed to a policy of energy self-sufficiency, and might not have any surplus energy to sell to the U.S. Why, then, would Canada want to join an energy common market? "You can start with the fact that about 70 percent of your exports come to this country," Connally told *Newsweek*. Is that a threat to curb those exports, as he did in 1971, if Canada won't play ball? "No, no, no. I'm just saying we have a neutrality of interest." Beyond that, he would not elaborate.

Canadians, even the British do not measure up to it. "We like to think of them [the British] as a free society," Connally told a group of American broadcasters this summer shortly after his Orange County speech. "But they don't have the broadcast industry that we have. It's all government-owned," he said, giving new life to an old misconception. "We're one of the few countries in the world where we have this kind of ability to speak as we choose, in my what we like, to take positions that reflect our own attitudes, our own biases, our own prejudices."

But while Connally may worry foreign observers of his campaign he is winning Americans, many of whom yearn for another Teddy Roosevelt. In Connally's own analysis, Americans "think we've been a patscher for other nations. They'd like to see the United States' interests more narrowly guarded and more aggressively pursued." Connally certainly fits that bill.

The man he would beat for the Republican nomination is Ronald Reagan, the runner-up to Gerald Ford in 1976. A former governor of California and Illinois, too, Reagan has been running for president, off and on, for 10 years. He is an arch-conservative and, with the country swinging to the right, the feeling is general that this is his turn for the Republican nomination, if not the presidency.

Connally is cutting into Reagan's base of support, however. The crowds were evident during a weekend swing through Reagan's home state of California in July. There, he did not tackle Reagan on the issues, but pointed instead to his own experience in Washington (Reagan had had none) and familiarised

White Connally's designs on Canadian resources are vague; his plans for the rest of the world are clear. The 70-year-old Connally "isn't going to be a one-term president, or some advocate of agrarianism," he says. "He will simply deny access to the American market to countries that are not 'friendly' to U.S. goods. Japan is singled out as a country that has been unfair. Connally would tell the Japanese to wipe out their huge trade surplus with the U.S. in just 18 months—or else. "You'd better be prepared to sit in your Toyota as the docks of Yokohama bring your own mandatory imports and watching your own television with," he poses off.

In addition to his hard line on the trade front, there are hints that Connally sees for the U.S. a return to its role as the world's policeman, abandoned after the Vietnam War. "The United States has to be the defender of freedom and the advocate of freedom wherever we go in the world," he told the Grange County businessmen. Connally's defiance of freedom is quite

weak to fall along with the rest of the Watergate gang is positive proof that Ed Williams [Connally's attorney] is the best criminal lawyer in the country."

Connally has trouble with the issues, as well as his image. He is on the wrong side, politically, of two major issues in the U.S. today: nuclear power and oil-company profits. Since the breakdown at the Three Mile Island plant in Pennsylvania, most American politicians have called for a more careful approach to nuclear power if not an outright ban on new plant construction. But Connally has advocated a speed-up in development of nuclear power. Oil-company profits have also become a target for American politicians, notably President Jimmy Carter, with some companies reaping profits way up this year. Carter has proposed a windfall profits tax on the companies and has considerable public support for the measure. But Connally, who made much of his fortune indirectly from the oil business, has defended the companies and opposed the tax.

Connally is fatalistic about the ramifications of his words. "I'm going to talk about the problems of America," he says. "If that doesn't sell, then I'm not going to sell." He says Americans want their president to lead and to take unpopular positions, and severe politicians who work as "poll-watchers." If his reading of the public's mood is correct, the world may be in for the toughest ride from America since Teddy Roosevelt led the charge up San Juan Hill.

President Kennedy, Jacqueline and then Governor Connally in Dallas motorcycle: a jingoist in the Teddy Roosevelt mould





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Strippers of the world, unite!

Who am I a stripper?" The voice of Diane Michaels ends audibly. "I do it because I want to be independent, make a living and have sex." Michaels, one of more than 5,000 Canadian strippers taking it off for keeps, strips for what she sees as an alternative route to sex. Her family broke up when she was young, she left home at 12, and at 16, with a little dance training, she joined the business. But the company, with its confessions of "she's a new girl like you," still needed

After six years as a stripper, working from Quebec City to Vancouver, Michaels takes a professional pride in her work, and since March the 25-year-old has held another unusual job—as president of the fledgling Canadian Association of Business Entertainers (CABE). The strippers are organizing.

Michaels' motivation is the wages, which has just informed an application to affiliate with the Canadian Labor Congress (CLC), have ripped away any illusions she still had about her work. She has learned the math, she says,

about how society relates to strippers: the employers with roving hands who demand total nudity—even if it means trouble with the police—as a condition of employment; the hot, bright stage lights that give dancers second-degree burns in the cramped dressing rooms and the men who try to break in.

There was a day when bartenders had a slightly more respectable image. Twenty years ago, "Bebe" Beuch, (like Diane Michaels, a stripper) remembers a trip to Timothy's Victoria burlesque theatre as a child. "I loved it at the stage and thought, 'How I'd love to do that stage!'" Years later, she strung out on the Victoria stage herself; today she works in strip clubs and bars across the country.

Smith, 26, and cabaret after a Hawaiian, Ontario club owner refused to help her when a biker carried her off the stage, kicked her over his tank and then threatened to come back with his friends for a "gang rape." Beuch packed her suitcases and fled home to Toronto. "The managers think 'We're only there to sell sex,'" she says. "Constance Brissenden

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Constance Brissenden

Organizer Michaela axxie dances caught between a livelihood and the law

don't seem to realize we're not whores, we're professional dancers."

In Toronto, the strip circuit is a veritable 255 "Girls, Girls, Girls" clubs. Like many performers, strippers go where the work is, with an average stay of one week in each club. In the industrial belts of the suburbs, workers drop into the bars for a beer at lunch or after work, downing the shots and from noon until the clubs close.

Across Canada, strippers find the law—Section 170 of the Criminal Code, which defines a male person as one "who is so clad as to offend against public decency"—interpreted in many ways. In some provinces, including Quebec and B.C., dancers can get away with complete nudity. In others, Ontario for instance, it's tougher.

This summer two Toronto women, charged after removing their g-strings, were acquitted when the Crown could not find any witnesses to testify that they were offended. But far another 24 Toronto strippers awaiting trial as charges laid during the past year, there is still the possibility of a one-month jail term or a maximum \$1,000 fine.

While the dancers take the legal heat, only one club owner was brought up on a charge last year relating to an employee's nudity. Managers who counsel to commit an illegal act can be charged on the basis of a complaint by a dancer, but, because the evidence is difficult to prove, many women simply don't bother. "There is definitely an injunction here," says Margaret Campbell, a liberal member of the Ontario legislature and a strong anti-war supporter. "These women are caught between their livelihood and the law. It'll all you can do for the police to close down clubs."

The 25 members of CABE want the law re-examined. But more than that, they want prostitutes to do their job legally and safely. They send out and they link to the 25-million-member CLC to give it to them.

"These people are definitely being exploited by managers," says Edward Wright, the CLC's Ontario representative. "They're not in voluntary conditions, they're underpaid and often sexually harassed. It's an unnamed group, but that shouldn't exclude them."

For Diane Michaels, CABE so far has made things worse, not better. Club managers have brazened her to the point where they now threaten to kick her out. To save the time, being, at least, she'll stick with it. "The business is a mess. What other hope do we have of cleaning it up?"



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Frontlines

A super kid flying high in super-8

On a tepid morning last May, 23-year-old Terry Brownlee entered a telephone booth. Without wasting a dime, he shot his street gang, slid into a red and blue levitated, flung a red cape over his shoulders and dashed out into the street. Diving onto the roof of a car, Brownlee lay spread-eagled and "flew" along the road in hot pursuit of two bank robbers. Movie cameras caught the whole scene, for this was beautiful downtown Ottawa, where 15-year-old Bryan Michael Stoller was filming and directing his most mastiffly superhero.

The film is six minutes worth of spool and special effects in which, through the novice acting talents of these friends and Stoller's 21-year-old sister Marlene, we see Superman, Spiderman, the Invisible Man and Wonder Woman end up each other in mid-air, high-flying building jumping of bridges and soaring over telephone wires.

West Coast movie moguls were not invited to the spool's premiere last week. Those gathered at the National Library for the fourth annual film festival of Bryan Michael Stoller were more 200 friends, relatives and fans doing their bit to support a promising teenager. Although Superhero is his latest production, it is by no means the only film to emerge from the two-story basement studio of B.M.S. Animated Films. The young veteran has made more than

60 shorts—most of them about 10 to 15 minutes long—since he began his career at 13. In his first year he made 10 films using painstaking drawing and tabletop animation techniques involving hours of moving Plasticine figures slowly through an action and taking single-frame pictures of them with a super-8 movie camera. An eclectic mixture of titles has haphazardly on cardboard boxes: *The Vampire of Woodstock High*, *The Search for Happiness and Jones III*.

Stoller's drawings are polished has paid off in awards and publicity. He won the Crawley Student Film Competition in Ottawa, sponsored by insurance firm Budge Crawley, two years in a row. He was a bronze medalist at the Greater Miami International Film Festival in 1978 and this year took the top honour at the Canadian International Amateur Film Festival in Ottawa.

At 14, Stoller had his own CBC network television series, *Film Fun*, in which he shared the spotlight with his younger sister Nancy. In 1974 he sold two films to *Pollution Probe*. He has marketed several 30-second commercials to a car dealer, shopping mall and roller rink. Some of his films have been used by TV Ontario, others by CBC.

As September arrives, Bryan Michael Stoller is sitting behind the desk of his office in his parents' basement trying to figure out his future. He's now making films on money saved from a month's stint at a local animation company and part-time work for a drugstore chain. He says the Canada Council turned him down twice when he applied for grants "because I was too young and the Year of the Child Committee and I was too old." It's not that his films are expensive productions; they usually cost from \$10 to \$30, and a lot of his films is donated by stores in return for an on-screen credit.

But his cash flow is approaching ebb, and so is his parents' patience with a kid who lives in a basement and sees life through a camera lens, both feet planted firmly in the clouds. "He's not a drinker. He doesn't smoke but he's so wrapped up in himself that he has no time to share himself with his family," says his mother, Carole Stoller.

"We just want him to go back to school," says David Stoller, "so that other doors will be open to him." doors, they hope, that will be. This fall, Stoller makes his first attempt to enter Sheridan College in Toronto and Algoma College in Ontario. Eventually, Stoller has targeted on film at both Algoma and Ottawa's Carleton University. He has a letter saying he has been accepted at Columbia College, Hollywood, for 1980. "They want me to go in a couple of years somewhere else first," he says. That may be a hard way since Stoller seems to be and he wants to now. "Time to work on a professional basis. In Canada things are cheap. You see commercials on TV that when I look at them they make me feel really bad. I'm a Canadian. I either go to Hollywood or stay in Ottawa and not away." Meanwhile, 156 at the Stoller house rolls along, one frame at a time. *Marilyn Read*



Stoller (above) and "Superhero" Brownlee. Hollywood won't take him until 1981



COGNAC OR BRANDY

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Street cleaning

I realize that this will be considered heretical in this democracy-loving, all-forgiving, ever-sleepy Canada of ours, but I wish we could dispense ourselves of such types as those in "99 Nights on Miss Street" (July 23) who recently paraded the streets of Dartmouth, New Brunswick. I would gladly exchange one of those irremovable characters for each of the Vietnamese boat people available, confident that Canada would benefit hugely thereby.

JIM HODSON, BURRARD, ONT.

The old runaround

Having heard that jogging results in everything from crushed vertebrae to fallen stumps, I wasn't at all surprised to learn from your article "Marriage Rassing Down" (Aug. 5) that jogging the concrete is an up-and-coming factor in causing divorce as well. I, too, am a fitness fiend, and being already inclined to self-sacrifice can no doubt look forward to reviving in future tankas from the maddo whip: correlations between jogging and cancer are no doubt just around the next bend in the track.

PETER D. GUERIN, TORONTO

In black and white

The Commonwealth's "Barber" (Aug. 6) draws attention to the conflict between "black pride" and Africa's need for productivity based on white skills. If countries like Zambia and Tanzania choose to give priority to pride, that is their privilege. But they should not try to impose the same fraternal priority on the black population and elected black leadership of Zimbabwe Rhodesia. To be generic, self-determination for the



African action: the right to make choices

Blacks of Zimbabwe Rhodesia must include the right to make choices different from those of black leaders in neighboring countries—even if the different choices include respect for the special constitutional position of a productive white minority.

KENNETH H. W. HEDDERSON,
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF HISTORY,
UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO,
LONDON

Imports, exports

While I agree that the crf's designated import rule has the effect of discriminating against Canadian quarterbacks, I am

Derek Darmody's "Pounding the Bush" on Canadian Content (Aug. 10) failed to mention two points that I feel are crucial. All Americans are even more discriminated against in the crf than Canadian quarterbacks. If the limit of 15 Americans per team was lifted, there would probably be only five or so Canadians on a typical 35-man squad, seeing as American players are generally considered superior. Wiping out the designated import rule would also have the effect of raising the number of American starters to 15 from 14 if a Canadian was used as backup quarterback. And when the American quarterback was injured one of the numerous American free agents could be signed to fill his place.

JAMES BUELER, WESTPORT, ONT.

Progress report

William Lowther's article at *It's About Adam* in the *Age* (July 23) got me to my typewriter in record time. First of all, evolution is not a "silly theory" as creationist David Morris would have us believe. A silly theory would not have survived a century of examination, revision and criticism. Scientists do not impose evolution merely to refute fundamentalism. Christians, there is solid evidence to lend credence to the claim that evolution did occur and is still occurring. The fossil record is the best and most comprehensive evidence for evolution. It shows a gradual progression of life forms from the simplest one-celled algae found in rocks more than three billion years old to the incredibly complex world of life we know today. The same sequence exists for man and his ancestors, from the simple hominids, no more intelligent than present-day chimpanzees, through the larger brained Homo erectus and Neandertal man, to Cro-Magnon man and present-day humanity. It is all its splendor.

DALE STOKE, TILLIGNEELO, ONT.

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Deaths and entrances

I sincerely hope that after reading Young Sonda's (July 30), Canadians may perhaps come to terms with this nation's greatest silent killer. As a young man with a thwarted parental feeling, the self-assurance of the young brings my heart. Maclean's has done just what I wished I could do: reach thousands of Canadians and warn them of this cruel, often invisible danger that

descends upon the lives and homes of even happy families.

CALVIN F. McCULLAGH, LONDON, ONT.

Show the impact of a child's suicide on his or her family in extremely translated, there are now self-help groups for bereaved families which appear to be very helpful for many stricken families. It is important to note that, in most cases, the siblings of suicides (especially teen-agers) are greatly affected by the

death and their grief, unfortunately, is often minimized or overlooked by their innumerable parents. These youngsters need special attention and the opportunity to meet with others in the same boat with whom they can work through their grief and pain. As a professional social worker, I have had some experience with these situations and feel a lot more research is needed in this area.

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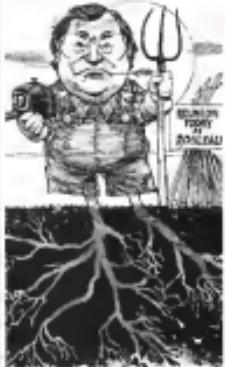
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Good seed, good side

Having read *A Family Bruce*: That Frost Bites Does Not Thaw (July 21), I may change my mind about Alan Fother-



ingham. Anyone whose ancestors have ended in frostbitten, gunho-holed, sun-blistered, wind-swept, down-laden, lovable central Saskatchewan must have some sturdy and redemptive features.

HELEN A. DAHLSTROM, BORRISLAND, B.C.

Surgery begins at home

I found it surprising that the article *De-Quervain's Adventures in Lethbridge* (July 9) on microvascular surgery, dealt mainly with the work being done in New York while within sight of your head office, the team of Drs. Mackinlay, McKee and Zuker, at the Hospital for Sick Children, has performed some of the most outstanding research and surgery in this field.

JEANNE NEIL, TORONTO



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The woods are alive, as all Canadian campers know, with more than the sound of their own footsteps. From mid-May to mid-September it's biting by season and the buzzing hordes of tiny, pesky insects have driven people mad since mastodon skins were in style. As a final line of defense, picnickers and Indians sometimes resorted to slathering their bodies in bear grease exposed to the sun until it turned rank. Today, despite the less repulsive repellents available, biting flies remain the scourge of the woody set.

These bites can do more than just raise bothersome bumps on the back of a narrative neck. Over the past 25 years, more than 100 Canadians have died from mosquito-borne encephalitis and, for livestock and poultry producers, the flies have caused annual losses of millions of dollars.

Enough is enough and that is why, across Canada, some 25 entomologists and other professionals specializing in studying the biting flies are at the vanguard of declared all-out war. Since 1972, they have pressed for battle head-



quarters—a biting fly research centre—for the study and testing of new pesticides and control methods for both government and industry. Included on their enemy list are horseflies, mosquitoes, stable flies, black flies, horn flies, deer flies and biting midges.

Relief moved a step closer to reality

when Supply and Services Canada announced a two-year, \$100,000 grant for Dr. Mary Chang and Dr. Heinz Bratt of the University of Manitoba to prepare a feasibility study on such a centre. Manitoba's eternal battle with mosquitoes (in 1973, 34 cases of slapping sickness induced by mosquito bites were reported) may have given it the edge in the keen competition for the grant. "Many pesticide manufacturers are anxious to do more to combat flies but they're worried about the environmental effects of some pesticides," says Bratt. "Our hope would be for the centre to help them in testing and research on a continued basis." Though the federal departments of defense and agriculture support the planned centre, Bratt says that its future will depend on government programs and the demand for research from pesticide manufacturers. The entomologists, of course, will go on campaigning for the centre. Besides, what could be more Canadian than the government's trying to take the sting out of camping.

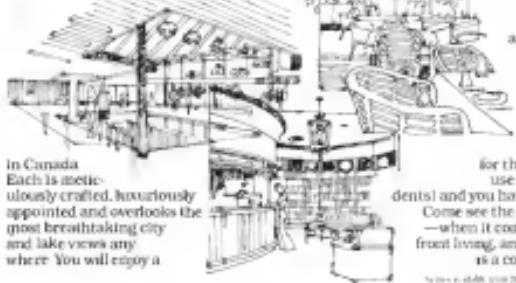
Peter Carlyle-Godke

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THE HONORABLE FLORA

During a quiet, politically stuporific October summer, as broad-new Tory cabinet ministers stumbled repeatedly over their own faces past one another, called coolly and confidently into power. As Joe Clark's cabinet meets in Jasper this week, External Affairs Minister Flora MacDonald will be one of the few who has already proven her mettle.

By Roy MacGregor

Then rippled by the shower, the minister of state for external affairs walked barefoot through the tenth and the sun newspapers stopped up onto the chesterfield, sighed, then settled contentedly over a nest of congratulatory headlines. Flora MacDonald was back in Ottawa from July's conference on refugees, back from taking the first strike in what now appears to be a race to restore Canada's foreign policy to its former glory. She was hungry, with nothing but cold bread in the apartment refrigerator, but she was also at peace with the present, a state of mind only rarely reached in a cabinet minister to come to terms with a stamp.

Only hours earlier her plane from Geneva had flown directly over her Cape Breton, past her mother's house in North Sydney, the United church where the missionary offered her—not quite mate courses in political science—but forever her place when she went to work at 27, her schooling denied more by gender than potential, her career hopes in 1945 no more promising than an overdrawn account. Lemie wonder then that now, at 35,000 feet and some 35 years later, the Honourable Flora MacDonald—with a government jet at her disposal, more than 8,000 employees at her command and a \$30-million budget at her discretion—had pressed her forehead tightly to the window and waved. Partly in greeting and partly in farewell.

Below she could trace the east coast of Cape Breton, where the mist will give the sky the appearance of blood seeping in water. It was here that Flora MacDonald's own grandmother once waited 28 years for her husband to come home from the sea, and offered no complaint when he finally arrived. The grandmother had passed along her toughness, but that was all, the grand-



Flora at 8 (top) and in Parliament office. She's a fox caught in headlights

daughter had her own expectations in life and they had little to do with writing and nothing at all to do with subservience. Flora MacDonald's idea of service was to pinhead-hip Vietnam before the entire world. And only two days before the air reader has even returned to the apartment, she had done it, and she had done it well. Still, when Flora MacDonald thought about se-

tually being there, the color rose in her face like a redhaemant thermometer.

"It's a long way from North Sydney," she said. "But you know, when I got there, at the podium, I knew it was where I wanted to be."

Flora's a star. She has star quality. She belongs out front—Lowell Murray, mastermind of the Conservative election victory.

The first slap of celebrity landed within weeks of her appointment as Canada's first woman external affairs minister. The television cameras picked up the new cabinet star as she crossed Ottawa's Wellington Street on her way to a press conference and for three-quarters of a block they cruised on that day's visual the walk that is more blown feather than effort, the big open-mouthed smile, the pale blue harmony of eyes, dress, bracelet, necklace, ring... and with the cameras rolling and with her eager eyes never wavering, MacDonald hypnotically walked on past her destination and shambly on down the block like a fox caught in headlights, she had lost touch with the moment.

For all of MacDonald's 50 years the world has been turning, but only lately has its speed threatened disarray. Her first day as minister saw an Arab blitz on her leader's repeated intention to move the Canadian embassy in Israel



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE



from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, and she barely— and certainly only temporarily—offered that with a hand-off to former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield, who will study the matter. From there she moved to Paris for an economic gathering, to Tokyo for a major summit—where she kissed the Japanese foreign minister on public television—and then to the boat people conference in Switzerland, where he kissed her back. The softness of the banishing, however, belied her tough talk. "We are not moved by tragedy," she began, and by the end of the meeting a surprising concession had been forced from Vietnam—no further refugees would be sent to seek at least for the time being.

It was in Geneva that MacDonald's career—up to now—had been her own future style and also the probable future style of "The final five" who returned safely to Ottawa. The final five"—who returned safely to Ottawa by the plane of Lester Pearson following the Second World War. In early August, at the Commonwealth conference in Lusaka, Zambia, she joined her prime minister, Joe Clark, in continuing this new image when they evaded the discussions astutely hoping to become the "nearest broker" between the African nations and Britain over the Rhodesia-Botswana issue (see Maclean's, Aug. 13, 1976).

Part of understanding such a vast personal ambition is simple mathematics: weekdays have 15-hour workweeks; have seven days. So dedicated has she become to making the sacrifices necessary to get to the top that she has even prided for the day when executives deliver the piff that does away with the nuisance of eating. Best comes only if it can no longer be avoided. And it is usually put off by what friends have come to call "The

Flora MacDonald Late Show." "The telephone," says close friend and executive assistant Hugh Hansen, "is a natural extension of Flora MacDonald." Her soul calls begin after the late news and they often go on until such hours as a telephone receiver will be fumbled somewhere and a voice will ring from sleep to say, "Hello, Flora," without her having said a word. They go out to her sleeping family (she has never married), but adds "Don't think there haven't been times when my heart was broken," out to the likes of New Brunswick Premier Richard Hatfield and any number of people who manage to get by without titles. All are strategically placed throughout the country and they serve as both a wind-down for her day and an instant readout of how both she and her family are doing.

Not only does she get personal photographs that "I can't stand the idea of wasting all that time" since it is not shared by all her friends. Robert Stanfield, who has been close for 20 years, once inscribed the following in a gift book for her: "Glad to be a good friend of Flora's, but thank God I'm not her late-night telephone. B.R." Dalton Camp, a friend for almost as long, says, "I don't have the voltage. She can blow my fuses in 15 minutes." Yet another friend, one who believes nights were darkened for a reason, explains his phone before turning in:

The dame or mico who gladly answers, however, knows much of the woman who is charged with parting on Canada's new international face. They have seen her blushing in late 1975, when Joe Clark's Conservative leadership drive was spattering for lack of finance and threatening to stop dead, it was Flora MacDonald, the candidate



who stood to gain the most by Clark's dropping out, who put the word out that help was necessary—and help arrived. They know her vanity as well as her ability to tell stories about herself. Some never forget her first decision to run for Parliament was made by a dream she had, in a highly personal photograph that "I can't stand the idea of wasting all that time" since it is not shared by all her friends. Robert Stanfield, who has been close for 20 years, once inscribed the following in a gift book for her: "Glad to be a good friend of Flora's, but thank God I'm not her late-night telephone. B.R." Dalton Camp, a friend for almost as long, says, "I don't have the voltage. She can blow my fuses in 15 minutes." Yet another friend, one who believes nights were darkened for a reason, explains his phone before turning in:

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Flora MacDonald photographs from left: pleading partner, 1976; going for the nomination, 1979; victorious MP May, '80. Andrew's day with colleagues Robert May, Andrew Brewster, Jean Pigott and Ken McKersie in 1977; meeting Ontario farmers, 1977.

party leadership convention lined up for the first ballot, wearing "romantic" brown, cool Flora campaign buttons, voted, and a mere 214 of the 328 ballots came out with her name marked. It was, in her own words at the time, "a royal screwup." The tears, when they came, were restricted to the intimacy of the electoral family, and even today, 12 months later, none of them will yet speak of her anguish.

Her bad luck has always been her fortune— Dalton Camp

With Flora MacDonald it has not been a case of, as West Coast poet Seamus Macgrath has written, "her body outgrowing its own sunrise." Like the chilly side of childhood, the hurt remains, and it shucks still from the unconvincing draft of a coat forced open. She sits in an airplane, staring vacantly into a coffee cup, asked to remember. "It takes a



while . . ." she says, pausing, swallowing. "... it wasn't the losing . . . but the fact that I had been naked." For someone who values loyalty above all else, there was no understanding then, not now.

Hugh Hansen is more forthcoming. He was sitting within reach of her when the results of that first ballot were read off. "The first thing I thought was that they had made a mistake," he says. "It was 214, not 214. When they didn't count it, I felt like I'd just been dismembered."

Her campaign manager, Oakville lawyer Terry O'Conor, remembers turning to MacDonald when he, and others, advised her to drop out, to throw in with Joe Clark who had led her by 63 votes. But she refused, perhaps feeling only half the pain. Dalton Camp would estimate her, and most likely would include her, as the only dissatisfied voter at the early disappearance of the ballot before moving to Clark's along. She had known she would join forces with the young Alberta, who was also perceived as a slightly leftish Red Tory, but it all her misgivings it had been him running to her, across the other way around. Her nose, however, had much to do with making Clark leader, and it was no surprise when, on June 4, he rewarded her with the external affairs cabinet post. As Dalton Camp says, "She collected her 1976."

This was not the first time a plausible was far different from the leadership she grew up with. In 1966, she could be seen for what it was, weighed, then easily rationalized.

The fault of her failure 10 years later was difficult to trace. It could not, for one thing, be blamed on her campaign. Described variously as "an evangelical experience" and a "children's crusade,"

who rightfully regarded MacDonald as part of the incubating "Dump Dex" movement. But had they foreseen the results of their action, they must certainly would have dropped it as politically inopportune.

Dalton Camp, a more forthcoming president at the time, learned of the firing photo—naturally—that very night as he vacationed on Eleuthera Island, off Nassau. He sat up most of the rest of that night, bleeding the famous leader through a newspaper speech through a typewriter. "I took [her firing] as a declaration of war," Camp says. Eddie Goodman, an important party fund raiser in Toronto, heard about the firing next day and immediately phoned Johnston. "You've just blown your credibility," he told him. Goodman was right. In his shock, Camp had been unable to accept his president. MacDonald had become the party's powerful national secretary and Robert Stanfield, though much less popular than MacDonald, had taken the leadership away from Diefenbaker. After that, MacDonald and the former leader spoke, but only rarely, and it was Diefenbaker who delivered the most ingenious verbal attack she has ever suffered when he later referred to her as "the finest woman ever to walk the streets of Kingston."

But that long-ago disappointment was far different from the leadership she grew up with. In 1966, she could be seen for what it was, weighed, then easily rationalized.

The fault of her failure 10 years later was difficult to trace. It could not, for one thing, be blamed on her campaign. Described variously as "an evangelical experience" and a "children's crusade,"

by followers, the campaign was open and brazenly popular; appeal to bring tightly folded dollars from supporters and \$800,000 change from the likes of former Liberal cabinet minister Judy LaMarsh ("I've never even done this to a Liberal"). But still, she says, Eddie Goodman, the chair-tosser, says it was because another unaccountable candidate, Paul Hellyer, waded a blistering speech attacking the party's left wing, personified by MacDonald.

The woman had cold measure of her life since she had runned out a university because women weren't expected to go, and that was want against her. Was she tough enough? Soader yet, was she man enough? Of the 600 or more women delegates, perhaps only 30 voted for her, but that should not be surprising. MacDonald is better with men than women—her plodding reticence creates an air of authority in the young men who surround her. She is a good dear old friend, adviser, an audience, all with more exceptions, male. Once served farmer employees, a woman, even goes so far as to claim MacDonald treated her sons staff "like black sheep."

So it was men, not women, who deceived Flora MacDonald. In Ottawa, there had always been a lingering suspicion regarding her—Pierre Trudeau referred to her in '72 as "the possible lady"—but it had been easy to deal with "The important thing," she has always believed, "is not to become obsessed with it, but to try and get it in the proper perspective." But where was the perspective here? If political men could not appreciate that she had lied it all as the lie for this, sacrificed more than any other candidate, what was the

use of even trying? She wasn't just
tough, she was daugher. She didn't want
to be leader, she had to be leader. The
other losers might be sad, even angry. But only Flea MacDonald was
hurt.

've told her this and she doesn't like it, but you're never the same after you search for the top job. You become further committed that you have some kind of connection with the people.

No doubt, from then on there has been a trend of righteousness in Fleck-McDonald. She has always been an observer, and the results can be both startling—as it happened in the past year controlling nuclear energy and reducing the Senate, two issues she rode hard in were down even her most fervent friends—and she can also be invaluable—handing down the law to the public that the people were thinking. "At her best," says Lowell Murray, "there's absolutely as wise with better political judgment than Fleck. She gets things through her pores that cost me a quar-

uring France and skiing with name records are "intelligent" and "tough".

of a million dollars—and faster" as Tories now admit to use great during the election, apart from Joe W's Big Gaffe, and that was that were on the wrong side of the o-Canada issue by calling for an to the government-owned oil company. "She brushed it completely off," says Murray. "Forget it," she "Nobody's interested in oil in the month of May! And, you know, she was right."

for the victory, speculation was she would become minister of federal-provincial affairs, as she had first the Tories have a shadow cast position on the subject and then the Liberals had the same. But the internationalist was then forced to withdraw since she had been elected in the 1960s. She actually had to Ottawa in 1967 hoping to land a as a secretary at External Affairs was waylaid by a job at Tory national headquarters. Joe Clark knew all and he offered her the job without asking. "It was a brilliant appointment," says her good friend Gaudet whether, the federal Human Rights Commission who would have been in himself had he not retired from elected politics. "Piers will not be up."

then perhaps, but certainly not now and swallowed up External Affairs may not be the victory she counted on but it is still a long and welcome way out of the teller's cage in North Sydney even if the she is not prime minister, is most certainly somebody—and she will hang on for dear life for her life her only life.



and this is one good reason why MacDonald is good for a department, that like an old and rich tapestry, become many in recent years. Don Jameson, the last Liberal minister, was accused by some of being an absentee landlord, seldom seen at External's famous Lester B Pearson Building on Sussex Drive, says one disgruntled External official. "The only foreign country Jameson was interested in was Newfoundland."

Wise, MacDonald moved swiftly to
near himself to this historically
safe

gently departed. She personally greeted to all visitors and relatives before protocol forced them to leave her. She moved her own office to Pearson Building, began eating in cafeterias, insisted on using her French on francophone visitors and even invited secretaries to early receptions, her argument a simple and unforgettable, "The best is." As for the early hot issues, her stepping down perhaps benefited her in early Highland dancing days.

"It's handled it all beautifully," says LaMarsh, who knows what it is to be the only woman in a Canadian cabinet. And her efforts have certainly been appreciated by her department. "You can detect an almost palpable enthusiasm in External," says Prime Minister Chrétien, who has kept close official company with MacDonald of late.

beyond the Pearson Building, however, lies the real world. And this world is not small enough to deal in veils, unanchored veins, opiated allusions and flying one's plane. In Japan, they grapple at the idea of a woman foreign writer. In Geneva, her bright yellow dress stands out like a single bacterium in a field of summer foliage. But it

there, she feels, that the double-burden? "We had something to say, we said it, and people took it seriously. And if there was any reservation it was a woman's, it was dismissed." When refugee confidence was over, the hair, leered over and whispered in, "You're being discussed around here. And the words that are being used are 'lesbian' and 'bitch'."

At Canada's foreign policy has a way to go before it will escape the influence of former British prime minister Sir John A. Macdonald, who once described Macmillan's commitment as "all ad short lip." He believed that stung will require a firm commitment, something Macmillan views will still apply. But it is essential to understand where her perspective and philosophy begin. It comes from the *Reformers* of the 1840s and the dreams of how to unite a few souls between the two wings of the United church offering salvation.

"He was adamant that the black be well financed because, unless we have the church, you'll never have any justification where people could come across their contribution to the Third World," she says. "It makes terribly sense to me."

1. Canada's decision to admit 50 refugees by the end of 1980 was before a price tag was ready. In August, it shares the early days of a fledgling government when needed starving Bahratis—Whence His Trustee said—was put off and delayed until four days before



Clark and Japanese Foreign Minister
So Saito in Tokyo, twice bussed



Gleick and Balasing and Clark in
such a simple hypothesis in a new field

survived. Trudeau believed, said in 1969, that "the whole concept of diplomacy today . . . is a little bit deadened." Macdonald, however, was wholeheartedly in Canada's past as an "helpful factor" to the world. In connection with the current crisis in the world he has created a situation drawing Canada into action. And no one happens to resist. Given has already happened in Geneva, and a lesser degree in Lusaka, Canada will be heading back to what Dr. Claude Ryan has called the "boy scout complex."

there is a concern about Mac. It should not be ever her tough. It is, rather, that she believes she can be found using maps of the She is, after all, very sensitive, for whom past glory is a source and often a comfort for her. She enjoys using things she passionately—people, places, possessions. From her father, she was told to take care of her own house. From the leadership convention, she learned how fragile, and even decomposable can be. Neither thoughts nor tokens to their natural extinction could lead to selflessness, to cynicism. And both are essential for a helpful fire.

may therefore be fortunates that are kept the dress she bought in Hong and wore to her swearing-hangs today, preserved in dry-box's plastic, in her apartment; eloquently she marvelled again at the proportion of the short-silk material, the way tight dances from thread to thread, the way it appears different each new angle. The key to its here is; it looks precision. It is what she sees it, as she sees it, in the light of the moon. And in that, it is not unlike her

An 1,800-mile curtain call for a consummate star



On wheels

By Jane O'Hara

It was less than a day after John Diefenbaker had been buried beside the body of his late wife, Olive, on the bank of the South Saskatchewan River and already the hearse, sombre above his office door at the Parliament buildings had been removed. Plywood strips boarding up the windows. A security guard, perched at his post, stood watch, keeping nosey reporters from peering any memorabilia from his now-vacant drawers. In contrast to the flamboyant spectacle of Diefenbaker's 1,800-mile funeral march across the country, the calm of the cemetery was haunting.

According to Diefenbaker's closest friends, the former prime minister knew he was going to die. "Before the May 22 election, he talked a lot about being very lonely and very tired and that, basically, his work was done," said Rob Coates, president of the party's press. "He wasn't very open about the prospect of dying." It will never be known for sure whether Diefenbaker did go gentle into that good night, but one thing is certain—he was prepared. In spite of his recent uncharacteristically low status within the party, Diefenbaker made sure his memory at the once high-flying 12th prime minister would be

branded on the consciousness of the country. Nine days before he died, Diefenbaker reaffirmed his will, in which he states the controversial \$475,000 trust fund that had sparked nothing but ill will since it was first revealed about the funeral train. And although Diefenbaker's estate has been valued at \$10 million, the will's clause goes to exact or make him self-sufficient in his death.

He was, in fact, the 80-year-old Diefenbaker stipulated three-thirds of the trust fund would go to the John Diefenbaker Centre at the University of Saskatchewan, which houses about four million pages of his personal manuscripts plus his personal library and memorabilia. Another third will go toward the building of a boys' and girls' club in Prince Albert to be known as the Olive and John Diefenbaker Community Centre. The final third is slated for an as-yet-unspecified "program" to be presided over by his literary executors. One of them, Diefenbaker's executive assistant, Keith Martin, said last week that Diefenbaker wanted the money put toward the distribution of his three-volume memoirs and his Bill of Rights to high-school students. Martin, who brought up approximately 20,000 short-to-be-remembered copies of Diefenbaker's memoirs, has hired a lawyer to make sure Diefenbaker's wishes are carried out. Diefenbaker also willed that his Ottawa home be established as a historic site and that Saskatchewan be honored with a plaque to be placed on the grounds of the former days. Apart from working out his will in the final weeks before he died, Diefenbaker put the final touches on his funeral arrangements which he had been planning for three years. "Only a consummate actor like himself could have put together what he put together for Canada," said a Saskatchewan historian of the funeral which could cost taxpayers as much as \$500,000.

Like most things Diefenbaker did, the funeral generated controversy and inspired loyalty. Moments before the state funeral, attended by 1,800 dignitaries and officials at Christ Church Anglican Cathedral in Ottawa last Saturday, security officers reported word of a bomb threat. Graham Glackling, in charge of special events for the secretary of state, walked up to Prime Minister Joe Clark and whispered, "Sir, we've had a bomb threat." Clark responded, "What can we do?" said Glackling. "Nothing," replied Clark. "Okay, that's what we'll do."

For the more than 80 people who travelled on the three-day train trek—politicians, friends and family— the trip became an Irish wake on wheels. There was much drinking and reminiscing about Diefenbaker's glory days, and as the last leg of the journey, Charles Lynch, chief of Southern News Services, pulled out his harmonica and the keening began.

Throughout the journey, crowds, some large, some small, gathered by the track, though drawn by yanks' telegraph. Although there were only three Diefenbaker trials at Prince Albert, and his assistant Martin, sat a mere behind schedule, a hoarding called



scheduled stops en route (Sudbury, Winnipeg, and Prince Albert), the train was halted six additional times to allow mourners to pay their last respects. At an unscheduled North Bay stop one man who had driven 70 miles to get there and another who had been Diefenbaker's chauffeur in 1963, were allowed to view the body. Diefenbaker, he explained, where the next official stop would be, it was Sudbury, 180 miles away. The man got into his car, drove the distance and embarked in time to see the flag-draped casket.

In Prince Albert, the riding Diefenbaker had represented since 1958, and in Saskatchewan, where Diefenbaker chose to be buried, a noticeable number of Indians showed up to say their good-byes. During the burial service on Sunday near the John Diefenbaker Centre, five Indian leaders from the Moose River Reserve sang an "honor song" to the Chief to begin the ceremony. "I regarded him as my blood brother," said Adam Solberg, former chief of the Blackfoot Indian band. In many ways, so did most Canadians. ♦

Quebec

Into the wild bleu yonder

The approaching machine was still a mystery on a canvas of cloud last

Wednesday afternoon when air traffic controller André Archambault radioed permission to land "Québec 301, en route en route 6 offstar." The Convair emerged from the sky to drop lightly to the concrete of the Quebec City airport. Moments later, Archambault's fellow controller, André Tanguay, sliced a red and white DC-9 walking on the ground below "All Canada 975, you ready to go?"

Last week's recommendations by a panel of three judges that bilingual air traffic control be adopted throughout Quebec will mean little change at Quebec City, the airport's 16 visual flight rule controllers have been legally entitled to interactions in both languages. The last two years, Lesa Legault, controller in charge of instruments, flights have been holding regulations since 1977 by adding bilingual air traffic service at the airport, which handles more than 200,000 takeoffs and landings annually.

It was at the Quebec tower four years ago that the use of French by controllers first caused those English-speaking controllers phlegmatically to say, "I think it has been a huge, uniform battle. We always knew bilingual control was there but we were forced to prove it." Safety, he continued, was the prime concern of those willing to communicate in French with Quebec



beakers and contributed to their electoral mobilization behind the Parti Québécois in that year's November election. The cause of French-speaking pilots and controllers, grouped into the Association des Gens de l'Air du Québec, had captured the public's sympathy Quebec election night. Gens de l'Air Secretary-Treasurer Jean-Luc Patenaude was in Victoria attending an executive meeting of the Canadian Air Traffic Control Association (CATCA) and when the meeting was interrupted by news of the jet's triumph, Patenaude hurried from his booth—a bottle of champagne to offer English-speaking union executives in rousing gratitude. Responded former CATCA president Jim Livingston: "Only one bottle?" After what we did for them, it should be a case."

There is little likelihood that the enormous drought of 1976 will be reversed by the unanimous report of the commission of inquiry chaired by Mr Justice Jules Chouinard, although the report was accepted only reluctantly by CATCA and the Canadian Airline Pilots Association. French-speaking air workers say that their relations with English-speaking colleagues have greatly improved. Gens de l'Air President Roger Demers, who has been visiting Quebec premiers ever since Jean Lesage, to be as longer hours anglophone pilots using the airwaves to understand the use of French. "There is now a mutual respect between anglophones and francophones that did not exist three years ago."

Inside the Quebec City control tower, André Archambault, André Guy greeted the vindication of French-speaking controllers phlegmatically: "I think it has been a huge, uniform battle. We always knew bilingual control was there but we were forced to prove it." Safety, he continued, was the prime concern of those willing to communicate in French with Quebec

Turpion in Quebec City to offer a bottle of champagne that should have been a case

pilot. "Many times I had close calls speaking English to a French-speaking pilot who was learning to fly and speak a new language at the same time."

Now even some anglophone pilots choose to speak French with the bilingual tower, though U.S. pilots approaching Quebec City for the first time still are passed by two languages emanating from their radio receivers. But language differences can be transcended, as controller Turpion demonstrated last week when he grinded in a culture-shocked American Cessna by a universally familiar landmark: "Look for a McDonald's restaurant on your right."

David Thomas

Ontario

Experience '79: death by fire

The North is an elusive part of the Canadian psyche, it bedevils. There's romance about it, a mystique, and the great subtitle for it always had a special appeal. For Canadian youngsters in Ontario, for example, the provincial government has provided winter job programs for months in the North for the past 25 years. About 2,500 high-schoolers over the decades that pass on a year have been paid for \$50 a day, room and board included, in conservation projects and forest clearing.

It was just such another summer this year, and almost ever. Another week and a half and school would start again. Then it happened. Five crews, comprising 47 people, had set a "prescribed burn" in a 250-acre section of Crown



Geraldine High-school janitor Peter Sivards sets up memorial canvas chairs: dental records to help identify the dead

land to clear bush at the west end of Lake Rosseau, about 175 miles northeast of Thunder Bay. It was a routine procedure designed to prepare the area for timber harvesting as part of a ministry of natural resources land improvement program. But suddenly the wind shifted and minutes later seven young people were dead.

The seven dead last week, including two provincial game rangers and three women, were: Gordon Reid, 17, and Danny Fitzgerald, 15, both of Metro Toronto; Jane Spurgeon, 25, of Galtara; Wanda Parise, 25, Joliette; and Colleen Campbell, 16, Kenneth Harken, 16, and Anthony Glen Thompson, 17, all of Geraldton. Glen Wesley, 23, of Longlac, a fire-control technician for the ministry and supervisor of the crew, survived the fire, but he suffered burns to 30 per cent of his body.

Wesley escaped death by walking into a swamp near the fire site but although he shouted at them, he said, the others failed to follow. James Auld, Ontario's minister of natural resources, ordered the province's no-nonsense chief constable, H. Beatty Cottman, to hold an immediate inquest into the deaths. Cottman flew to the site carrying dental records to help identify the dead.

The two Toronto youths were from the Sprucewood Junior Ranger Camp in the Geraldton-Nakina area of Northern Ontario, where they were being taught fire fighting. The four Northern Ontario high-school students were part of the summer job program

she had been hired by Kimberly-Clark of Canada Ltd. as a forestry technician, to start next month. Her father, Frank, could only comment: "What a waste of a young life. It hasn't really hit me yet."

In Toronto the Reid family had received a letter from Gordon only a day before he died. His brother Dave, 28, said Gordon wrote that he was having a great summer and he really liked the job. "He had worked at a camp last year and he wanted to be a junior forest ranger this year. You only get one chance—that's when you're 17. I guess you could say he was lucky to get in. It was an unfortunate accident, but there's a lot of things that puzzle me about it. The questions and answers will come later, when people have time to think." —Warren Gerard

Saskatchewan

The summer of their discontent

This was the summer that the weather played big-and-run with Prairie farmers. The cold, damp spring that delayed planting (Manitoba, May 20) was followed by widespread drought punctuated by scattered bouts of hail, windstorms and, most recently, a mid-August frost. As a result, one man's bumper crop was a luckless neighbor's poison.

Last week Ken Hall, 48, who farms 800 acres near Indian Head, 40 miles east of Regina, was looking forward to

Wheat farmer Ken Hall (right) and canary-seed farmer Hepha (below) wait-and-see

called Experience '78. All the youngsters in the ranger program—1,188 male and 386 female—receive eight weeks of manual work such as seeding, pruning, cutting trees, improving campsites and cutting portages and nature trails. They are lodged in 72 tents spread around Moose Lake—45 for males and 27 for females. The Experience '78 program is a \$10.5-million youth employment project established to provide experience that is similar in an individual's own school and career interests. This involves a year of 25 minutes.

One of the dead, Jane Spurgeon, was on contract for a summer job and because of her past forestry experience



Getting a second opinion

Even before they exchanged their "I do's" last September, it was clear that there was not to be a marriage made in heaven. They already had an eight-month-old daughter, born while the bride was still a 17-year-old New Waterford, Nova Scotia, highschool student and her husband, 22, was working as a coal miner. Their first marriage, such as it was, didn't last long enough for a first anniversary celebration. Then there was infidelity and about "After a while," she remembers, "I get so bad that I find myself the least little things, like being so afraid of the way he treats me up." During the course of nine months, they separated no fewer than four times. When the final marriage breakdown occurred early this July, however, she was pregnant and had a daughter born outside the hospital to protect what neighbour Kathlene Howes, a member of the International Campaign for Abortion Rights, called the "doctor's arbitrary handling of this situation" and a group in now being formed to provide support for other women who find themselves in similar difficulties.

Certainly the doctors' legal position in

unhappy marriage could make the pregnancy health-endangering, the new-19-year-old woman who had asked not to be identified, applied to the therapeutic abortion committee of the Victoria General Hospital in Halifax to have her pregnancy terminated. Over the objections of her estranged husband, the committee agreed. But not satisfied, the father hired lawyer Paul Murphy to try to get an order from the provincial court allowing her to proceed with a legal abortion. A hearing was granted to an 18-year-old husband in 1972 but was later overruled after the wife agreed to leave him. Leaving the case to the legal uncertainty, they asked for legal advice. "After a while," she remembers, "I get so bad that I find myself the least little things, like being so afraid of the way he treats me up." During the course of nine months, they separated no fewer than four times. When the final marriage breakdown occurred early this July, however, she was pregnant and had a daughter born outside the hospital to protect what neighbour Kathlene Howes, a member of the International Campaign for Abortion Rights, called the "doctor's arbitrary handling of this situation" and a group in now being formed to provide support for other women who find themselves in similar difficulties.

Certainly the doctors' legal position in

denying the abortion after the committee agreed that it was necessary for the woman's health would seem to be ambiguous. One lawyer interviewed by Maclean's suggested the doctors concerned have a "duty of care" toward the woman and that the hospital might be found responsible if she can into difficulty with the pregnancy that has been allowed to proceed. The only similar case in Canada to have occurred, an infant born in Victoria, involved a proposed abortion was granted to an 18-year-old husband in 1972 but was later overruled after the wife agreed to leave him. Leaving the case to the legal uncertainty, they asked for legal advice. "After a while," she remembers, "I get so bad that I find myself the least little things, like being so afraid of the way he treats me up." During the course of nine months, they separated no fewer than four times. When the final marriage breakdown occurred early this July, however, she was pregnant and had a daughter born outside the hospital to protect what neighbour Kathlene Howes, a member of the International Campaign for Abortion Rights, called the "doctor's arbitrary handling of this situation" and a group in now being formed to provide support for other women who find themselves in similar difficulties.

The broken marriage that started the Hepha debate, meanwhile, is weighing as heavily as any through the courts. This wife has charged her husband with desertion and cruelty and he, in turn, has filed for full custody of their first child. "I've accepted the fact that I'm going to have this baby," she says now. "And I'm not really bitter. I'm angry, but I'm not really bitter. Right now, I just want to have the baby and start my life again on my own." —Stephen Kimber

harvesting, perhaps 11,000 bushels of grain worth as much as \$25,000. Yet 55 miles away Robert Hupke had planted his winter crop under an July 21 after pouring in a claim for \$77,000 in compensation (barely enough to cover his seed, fertilizer and chemical treatment). Instead of the \$80,000 he could have grossed with just an average yield.

"It's a good way of life," insists the 25-year-old Hupke, who quit a steel company job four years ago to farm 480 acres. "But years like this have to make you wonder."

Yet Hupke had planned his season carefully. Hoping to bypass the transportation problems that plague the country's cumbersome grain-handling system, instead of wheat he sowed 500 acres of canary seed, for a Vancouver bird-feed company, plus 110 acres of rapeseed.

"Since canary seed is a contract crop, they come and pick it up once you harvest it." But the unpredictable weather did him in anyway. The only substantial rainfall he got was on July 9, but by then the damage had been done.

Just 15 miles to the west, Ross Hall can look over his fields with satisfaction because "we've had two good shots of rain—an inch-and-a-half each time—and that's been enough. It's really been sporadic because much of here they've had rain inches. It's been a strange year but I hope to have at least an average

crop."

Not so-lucky, Saskatchewan farmers such as Bob Hopkins, approximately 1,000 of them, had only one way out of the bumper crop problem: to wait— to wait and then from the provincial Crop Insurance Board, the only federal government matching farmers' premium payments. Payments can be made for uninsured land damage or yield-loss for crop failure. Premiums are determined by an estimate of the farmer's yield per acre. When a farmer makes a claim, his fields are inspected and the worth of his crop appraised. If the farmer doesn't think he will get enough from the insurance, he may opt to take his chances and harvest the crop anyway, as he will accept the settlement and plant it under.

Following a holocaust that whipped through the east-central portion of Saskatchewan in the second week of August, a record 4,200 claims in two days at the desk of Roy Tolton, field operations manager for the Crop Insurance Board in Regina. His conservative estimate is for a 205-million-dollar crop insurance payout this year, about \$50 million above the previous record of \$165 million in 1977. "The weather is not comparable to any other year that I can remember," Tolton says. "We've had everything thrown at us but the kitchen sink." And no body carries insurance against that.

Dale Blakes

Pulling back the welcome mat

By Mari McDonald

In the desolate cell of a migrant worker's hotel on the Paris outskirts, he wakes each morning from a dream of lost son and bagatelles to the cramped plasterboard reality of a dormitory where the stench of communal cooking and filth hangs in the air. The room isn't big enough to hold a chair beside his single bed, but he does dare dare venture out. For Ahmad, a 28-year-old Algerian who has lost his job as a private garbage collector, the streets of France have become a jungle, alive with gendarmes who could sweep down and demand his working papers which are about to expire. The country to which he once fled so gladly has become a landscape of terror—a manmade field of possible discovery and deportation. "As long as I was useful to them, the French wanted me," he says. "Now that I need work, they want to throw me out."

Among France's 4.5 million foreign population, the bitter realization is setting in: immigrating alone. In the wake of protests by the press, trade unions and human rights activists, including movie actor Yves Montand, the French Senate has just put off debate on two controversial new laws that would mean a severe crackdown on the country's immigrant workers.

One proposes police to deport instantly anyone who is found without proper papers or sufficient funds to leave the country, or who is deemed a "threat to public order." The other, which would combine work and residence permits into a single card, gives authorities sweeping new discretionary powers to decide who stays in France, including the right to deport any foreigner unemployed for six consecutive months.

There is little doubt that this fall, France's secretary of state for immigrant workers, Lionel Jospin, will win support for both measures, which he freely admits are designed to force 300,000 foreign workers a year, or one million by 1985 to leave. "Immigration has been growing for the last 20 years," he says. "Now it's time for a 20-year reversal of that process."

These words of change aren't confined to the hexagonal borders of France, which currently claims the highest foreign population in the continent. From Britain to Switzerland, Sweden to West Germany, the immigrants who swarmed into Europe's in-

dustrial centers in the boom years of the early 1960s, armed with little more than cardboard suitcases and a willingness to do the dirty work that the local citizenry shunned, are suddenly finding the welcome mat being pulled out from under their feet.

Although the 1975 economic recession led several European countries to cut down on immigration, the immigrant population has now swelled to an estimated 14.6 million, in part thanks to a massaging birthrate. In West Germany, one child born out of every five is non-German—most being offspring of the massive Turkish labor force which has been displaced like Nazis' Kraut by the dubious ghetto appellation of "Little Ankara." As an unemployment mounted, Germany's right-wing politicians haven't missed an opportunity to stoke the flames against the foreign laborers, or guest workers, most of whom do the dirtiest sweeping and angriest forms of manual labor.

Now, with another recession on the horizon prompted by the last over-prime hit, the plight of Europe's immigrant work force promises to worsen. Indeed,

French protest: the winds have changed



in France, as on the rest of the continent, where foreign workers are suddenly finding themselves blamed for every urban ill from clogging social service costs to inner-city flight, the new anti-immigrant laws are being taken as evidence of growing racism and xenophobia—and of a new political drift to the right.

But it is 1985, pastel Switzerland, which for years depended on its imported Italian work force, that has dealt most swiftly—and brutally—with the problem. The country has managed to reduce its foreign work force by half, to 410,000 in 1987 from one million in 1973, by not renewing work permits and by arbitrary deportations.

The situation was worsened in the 1984 Italian film *Bread and Circuses*, which shows how Silvio Marfuggi, a peasant trying to stay in Bern's crowded slums, ends up at it as a prostitute job. When he finally loses his identity papers (for retrieving himself in public), he turns to police: "What do I tell my family, that I was sent home for pregnancy?"

In West Germany, where the constitution bars such measures, the 1.5 million members of the Turkish work force

now dwell in a deracinated hellhole, awaiting a return to the economic wasteland of Turkey or confined to a ghetto universe. Unable to assimilate with the language and culture that surround them, despite a \$3.8-million-a-year government program for job and language training, the Turkish guest-halter are spawning a second generation of what the immigrants' Der Spiegel calls "bulldog Elberfelds," two-thirds of whom drop out of school by age 15. That is to turn to resuscitating some industrial centers into latent racial nadirs. One labor executive laments that Christians are "explosive."

In Belgium, a survey showed that 80 per cent of the population shied away from foreigners' shops, considering them "dirty." In France, the sellers in a recent photo show following an immigration debate voted overwhelmingly to throw out the "mendiants étrangers" (itinerant foreigners). Yet, however, many developing countries do not want these emigrants back. When France refused to renew work permits for 300,000 Algerians whose visas expired last year, Algeria threatened to take some severe revenge if they were deported.

In most cases not, the migrants do not wish to go home either. Two years ago, France instituted a policy of offering foreign workers a free place to set out and 30,000 francs (then worth about \$8,500), but so far only 30,000 have taken advantage of that offer. Large-scale racism and unwanted, the continent's immigrant population has been called the European Community's "fifth country" as well as "the tickling toe."

In Britain, where Mr. Denis Powell's racist party had long warned that "waves of them" would flow if the immigration controls were dismantled, the Netting Hill Gate race riots which erupted in 1976, leaving 400 injured, seemed to confirm the worst.

♦

Striker collects home (left) and migrants making the dirty work a ghetto universe

There is little doubt that Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's government, hammering of the same laws last year, not helped to win her the key to 16 Downing Street. And despite the fact that the number of immigrants admitted to Britain is already down by 25 per cent in the past year, this fall the Thatcher government will unveil a revised set of immigration controls. They are openly aimed at reducing Britain's foreign population without incurring the wrath of the European Court of Human Rights.

The German government's concern for racial equality has already confronted new Home Secretary William Whitelock with a demand for an inquiry into possible racial bias in the immigration service—a result of February's revelation that thousands of Indian women entering Britain as brides were being forced to submit to "virginity tests." Indeed, it is the fear of similar breaches of human rights that prompted 3,000 individuals to take to the streets of Paris to protest the French government's new anti-immigrant proposals. Not only do they laws carry the seeds for massive exploitation, they open the way for legalizing such practices as holding deportees immovably in a Marcellin warehouse before shipping them out.

"The crisis is reawakening our old demons," read their manifesto. "France, in becoming racist, is not respecting the crisis—it is disintegrating it." As some pointed out, the land of liberté, equality, fraternité stood in danger of sacrificing its self-tossed tradition as a political haven. Under the new laws, some of its most celebrated sons—including the painters Marc Chagall and Arshile Gorky—would never have allowed through passport control. ♦

With a little help from her enemies

It was as if Richard Nixon were suddenly poised for a triumphal re-entry to the White House, backed by an electorate that had tried the political alternative and found it worse. Following the call for elections by Indian President François, last week in the wake of Prime Minister Charan Singh's resignation, India awoke as the vengeful not only of forgiving former prime minister Indira Gandhi for her cruel and dictatorial rule but of sweeping her back into power as well.

For Gandhi it has been a remarkable turnaround in fortunes. Her disgrace after being voted out of office in 1977 was more complete than Nixon's. The people in remote villages and major cities banded her for the 12-month state of emergency she had imposed, during which more than seven million people had been forcibly sterilized, thousands of political opponents detained without trial and the press censored.

Yet, astonishingly, many people are now looking on those as the good old days. A public opinion poll, conducted this month in India's four main cities—Delhi, Madras, Bombay and Calcutta—asked the question: "Was the country better off" during the emergency, or during the Janata government that replaced it? Thirty-four per cent felt Gandhi had been better off during the emergency. Forty-eight per cent said Gandhi would now be their choice as prime minister.

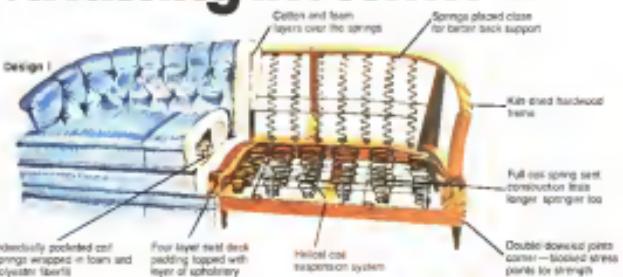
What went wrong? There was almost unbridled joy in 1977 when Gandhi was round during the election. Moraji Desai's Janata party took power on a



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A week on the brink, a saving of face

It was a week of desperation diplomacy for the administration of President Jimmy Carter. Looming before it was the possibility that Andrew Young, the U.S. representative at the United Nations and chairman of the Security Council, would have to vote a resolution calling for the recognition of the Palestinians' right to an independent state. For Young, who has vocally supported such a resolution (and who now holds it part only temporarily) after recently resigning because of secret talks he had with a representative of the Palestine Liberation Organization, the step would have been crucial. The U.S. would have been caught in an apparent anti-Arab stance which could have damaged the Mideast peace process.

In the end, the Arabs deferred to part of the vote allowed both Young and the U.S. to save face.

Nonetheless, Young seized the moment to deliver a triumphant Janjawid address in which he claimed his own government, as well as Israeli and Arab for failing to come to terms over the Mideast. "It is a ridiculous policy for the United States not to speak to the PLO," he said. "It's also ridiculous for many of you sitting across that table not to have relations with Israel." Israeli Ambassador Yehuda Blum quickly attacked Young for being "severely misguided." But although Young further embarrassed the Carter administration, he could not diminish the obvious relief of the White House at the postponement of the vote.

The week began grimly enough when Robert Strauss, America's special envoy to the Middle East, returned to Washington. He had been dispatched with firm orders to tell the Egyptians and the Israelis as a U.S. written alter-

native that would allow the Palestinians to participate in the peace process. Strauss was told personally not in favor that alternative, and Israel and Egypt were not buying the idea either.

Strauss, moreover, was disgruntled by the stringent orders he had been handed and the lack of flexibility he had in his negotiations. In the end, he convinced Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and other officials to abandon plans for the alternative resolution and to try instead for postponement of the vote. President Jimmy Carter, on his way down the Mississippi (see box), approved that course of action.

Meanwhile, in New York, a special General Assembly committee on the Palestinian problem labored over a much more difficult dilemma. Ultimately, it came up with a compromise resolution. The draft called for "self-determination" for the Palestinian people but made no mention of "an independent state." This referring settled the PLO, although enough anti-Israeli phrases were included to appease pro-Palestinian committee members. The intention of that verbal adjustment was to forestall the U.S. vote that would certainly follow any extreme resolution coming up for a Security Council vote.

The debate on the draft resolution began Thursday, after pressure from the outset to conclude before the weekend, since many diplomats were slated to attend the much-anticipated nation's coronation beginning this week in Dakar. One after another, the speakers—mostly from Third World countries—prefaced their remarks with accolades to Andrew Young. The speeches continued a pro-



Young just one last controversy

dislike account of inglorious rhetoric, but ultimately that seemed mainly for the record and to save face. Egypt supported Palestinian rights but believed that the alternative resolution was a "nuisanceous debate" dragged through the summer to do maximal damage.

Finally, even the most extreme PLO supporters agreed not to press for a vote, out of regard for Young and to avoid forcing him to veto a resolution he himself favored. It may prove that this seemingly sentimental move on the part of the Arab nations and the PLO could credit them with unspoken understanding in the eyes of the watching world.

—Clare Walter

New York

Jogging, robbing and rolling

Bank robbers are the stuff of which legends are made—especially in the United States, where movies and TV might conflate to amass fortunes by robbing the bags of folk heroes such as Jesse James and Bonnie and Clyde. But last week, when an unprecedented rash of bank robbery hit New York City, a new breed of robber had finally emerged—the amateur.

Demonstrating as much panache but fewer skills than the legendary figures of the West, robbers had up 10 banks throughout the city in one four-day period. A suspect in one of the robberies was apprehended before the day was

out after a wild, sometimes 100-m.p.h. car chase which lasted nearly an hour. Another of the robberies involved a "sapper bandit" dressed in a grey sweat suit who successfully held up a bank and then sprinted away into the safety of a crowded street. And while a robber fared less well in Long Island, he at least showed a face for feds: he was nabbed while trying to escape from the scene of the crime on brightly colored roller skates.

Such amateurs, however, can have grave consequences. One jittery bank robber, wearing a gaudy-tie, Hawaiian shirt, shorts and a 22-year-old hairdo, told the teller he was competing with his competitors but the robber, apparently panicking, was a more cut-and-dried criminal who kidnapped a citizen, shot him twice, then fled with \$2,000.

While today's bank robbers is likely to be a 20-year-old unemployed man who intimidates a waiter into a bank, passes the teller a note, sets a policy \$1,000 and—more often than not—gets caught, there are still master criminals who capture the imagination of the public. On the same day that New York's 10 amateurs were for the most part hooligans in their small job, three oily professionals armed bandits netted more than \$2 million in unmarked bills from a Bronx's armored truck in a job dubbed the "Trojan Horse Caper." Taking their cue from Virgil, the bandits sealed past tight security at the world headquarters of the Chase Manhattan Bank by lifting in a stolen fish truck. The truck, which regularly makes deliveries

to the building's restaurant, lured past the security guard in the basement of the skyscraper, where the robbers made access to the largely unguarded Bronx truck parked in the basement. No one was injured and at week's end there were no clues.

Believers in New York tend to

Spanish bank signs Mideast discussion

to the building's restaurant, lured past the security guard in the basement of the skyscraper, where the robbers made access to the largely unguarded Bronx truck parked in the basement. No one was injured and at week's end there were no clues.

Believers in New York tend to think that they are being especially victimized by crime. But New York's newest bank robbery wave follows a national trend. More than \$600 billion in bank assets are invested in the United States this year, up 12 per cent from last year. Nonetheless, New York Police Commissioner Robert J. McGauley and Mayor Edward Koch have declared war on the bandits. Two special police units have

been mobilized to combat the thefts. One group of plainclothes cops will be going in well, ready to bushwhack would-be robbers. Another group will go on patrol to rush panhandle to the scene of the crime and give chase if necessary.

Joseph A. Wissensack, assistant vice-president and security officer for Banco de Mexico, the largest Puerto Rican bank in the city, remains unimpressed by the rough talk emanating from city hall and the police department. Reporting the word, he has installed a sign in each of the 10 branches of the bank, which begs patience of would-be robbers. THIS IS A SPANISH SPEAKING BANK IF YOU INTEND TO ROB US PLEASE BE PATIENT. POSSIBLY NEED AN INTERPRETER THANK YOU. THE MANAGEMENT. —Patricia King

added that the Washington press corps grants an overly black picture of his administration's status. But the press, with Carter reported many people were unimpressed by this encounter with the president. "I敬 him and I like him," said Dr. Walter Bader, an Iowa physician who was traveling with Carter on the Delta Queen. "But he hasn't produced." In Hannibal, Missouri, Rosemary Packowski named a poster that said, I VOTED FOR CARTER, but after shaking hands with Carter she said she didn't vote for him again.

Carter also encountered press concern for not being in Washington during the week to sort out his administration's Medicaid policy, reportedly in shambles. Carter called such reports "hyperbolic" and "grossly exaggerated" and related to bewilder the press to cut off his leg. "I explained Judy Powell his press secretary. "There's absolutely nothing he could be doing this week that would be more important than what he is doing." The foreign policy lapses were just steps and not the sort of thing that should have caused the president to fly back to Washington.

Tom Urgakart

Israel's Prime Minister and Egyptian counterpart Anwar Sadat meet in Washington

1984-1985 VOL 1, NO 1, PART 1 AND PART 2

1985-1986 VOL 2, PART 1 AND PART 2

1987-1988 VOL 3, PART 1

1989-1990 VOL 4, PART 1

Carter on the Delta Queen, some vacation

55

WEEKEND/SEPTEMBER 3, 1979

At sea but far too close for comfort

Canadian hopes suffered a setback last week as U.S. Energy Secretary James Schlesinger interrupted two years of debate by announcing his support of an Alaska oil pipeline route that bypasses Canada altogether. Such a pipeline, however, would place the British Columbia coastline under the threat of oil spills and environmental damage caused by oil tankers trading between Alaska and northern Washington state.

One of four potential Alaska oil pipeline routes under consideration, this "Northern Tier" route is a \$1.25-billion (U.S.) project backed by U.S. Steel, Westinghouse Electric and several other large American companies. The Schlesinger scheme would see Alaska oil shipped down the B.C. coast to Port Angeles, Wash., a point just opposite Victoria at the bottom tip of Vancouver Island, and from there be carried by pipeline 1,400 miles across country to Minnesota, never once touching Canada.

Schlesinger ruled out, on economic grounds, the route most favored by Canada—"Pothole," at \$1.95 billion, the



He's out from under the compost heap

most expensive of the four projects, which would bring the oil by land through Canada to the U.S. Midwest in a pipeline parallel to the Alaska Highway; the route already approved for the long-awaited natural gas pipeline from the North. The Pothole project, proposed by Westcoast Transmission Ltd. of Vancouver and Alaska Gas Transmission of Calgary, won the support of the Trudeau government last April because it would provide access to Canadian oil in the Beaufort Sea as well as cutting down tanker traffic on the B.C. coast and making work for Canadian steel mills and contractors. The new Clark government has so far remained strangely silent on the subject.

The Pothole pipeline was the only one of the four proposals that Schlesinger rejected outright. He gave qualified support for two cheaper proposals that would also cross Canada and increase tanker traffic on B.C.'s \$25-million (U.S.) Trans Mountain project, which would bring Alaskan oil by pipeline from low Port, Wash., near Port Angeles, up to Edmonton and thence down to the U.S. Midwest, and the \$200-

million Kitimat project, which would bring the oil by pipeline from Kitimat, B.C., about 100 miles north of Vancouver, down to the U.S. Midwest's grain port. Canada must approve one or the other by Nov. 25, or else face what may prove impossible to meet as Canada's National Energy Board has no scheduled hearings on the projects until Oct. 8.

While the Clark government has failed so far to respond to Schlesinger's announcement, the Pothole consortium in Canada has acted out, charging that the U.S. energy secretary—who failed to leave the Carter cabinet within a few weeks—has rejected the only route the Canadian government ever supported. As for choosing the Northern Tier route, Pothole's G. Phillips, President R.C. Phillips charged Schlesinger "provocatively kept alive the one project Canada totally rejected." He said U.S. officials obviously are putting dollar savings ahead of concern for oil spills on Canada's coast.

The debate isn't over yet, and there may still be a ray of hope for Pothole's supporters, since neither Schlesinger nor secretary designate Charles Duncan can have the final word on the matter, though their opinion is persuasive. First, the department of interior must make its recommendation, which is expected by mid-October, and then President Jimmy Carter is to make a final decision by the end of the year. The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency has called Pothole's proposal the "most environmentally sound" of the four.

LEN URQUHART

share offering, though by how much no one knows. With some optimism, however, that Argus might even go as high as 40 per cent or more, the move is clearly part of the new Black-initiated Argus strategy of avoiding legal charges of its portfolio companies. With his own office located at Messier's Toronto head office rather than at Argus, Black is doing more than taking a mild interest in Messier's well-being; he's putting his future and his reputation—not to mention the fortunes of Argus itself—on the line to drive Messier out from under the corporate roof.

Black's strategy—though refusing to discuss the proposed Messier share offering until more details have been worked out—say it will probably be two months before the actual amount of the offering is known, and perhaps longer before the shares are offered on the market. That would mean being a year late to Messier's Oct. 31 financials and a possible gem at the company's full 1979 performance—no doubt reassuring investors that Black could be expected to increase as interest under this

share offering, though by how much no one knows. With some optimism, however, that Argus might even go as high as 40 per cent or more, the move is clearly part of the new Black-initiated Argus strategy of avoiding legal charges of its portfolio companies. With his own office located at Messier's Toronto head office rather than at Argus, Black is doing more than taking a mild interest in Messier's well-being; he's putting his future and his reputation—not to mention the fortunes of Argus itself—on the line to drive Messier out from under the corporate roof.

Anthony Whittleson



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In Japan the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has taken on another crusade. Following in the turn-of-the-century footsteps of Carry Nation, who literally took a hatchet to barrels of alcohol, Tokyo activist Kikue Takahashi is out for the blood of hundreds of thousands of Japanese women who annually head off to nearby Seoul, Tokyo, Manila and Bangkok on "sex trips." Armed with pamphlets, the WCTU activists have been out in force at Tokyo's Narita airport. "How insensitive can you be?" Forming up squads to go off and buy girls' "parts" the pals green leaflet. Under the slogan "Stop Buy-Girl Tours" Takahashi and her group have been attempting to explain the nature of "sexual imperialism" which has made the all-male excursions a million-dollar industry in the past five years. Under attack are President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines and his good will ambassador wife, Imelda Marcos, who Takahashi says are actively promoting tourist industries and that are "selling their women to our men in packages of hundreds, ugly."

Boston Pops' audiences may soon be following a bountiful baton if *Sing Along With Mitch* maestro **MITCH MILLER** has his way. "It's like asking a violinist if he'd like to play a Steinway, but they have to ask you," Miller told *Maclean's* when asked about his Pops aspirations. Qualifications aren't a problem, for the past 25 years Miller, 58, has been guest conducting orchestras

Miller before the bountiful baton

from London, Ontario, to Tokyo—the climax of a career that began 50 years ago when he joined the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra as an obbligato. A spokesman for the Pops confirmed that Miller is a popular candidate, along with Star Wars composer **John Williams**, maestro conductor and local favorite **Harry Ellis Dickson**, guest conductor **John Corigliano** and about 30 others. It is curious, however, that Miller says as stimulus to music that would have not with approval from the Pops' former Pad Piper, Arthur Fiedler, who died July 11, at 84. Of the Pops classical programmes, Miller says: "You don't achieve people by sniffing things down their throats and having them regurgitate them. I can do a Bach prelude, explain it in a few words and have them losing it." Of conducting, he says: "The only thing that beats it is great lovemaking."

Yes, Virginia, there is a **Bonnie Bell**. The queen of a cosmetics empire that stretches from Sweden to New Zealand, Bonnie Bell is alive and well—and—retired. "I waited until I could do a solo before I came out of the closet," says the 54-year-old chairman of the board, who now goes three times a day with her husband, Bill Eckert, 58, who directs international operations and oversees the operations of **CHERYL BOY JOHN ECKERT**, 32, who serves as president of Canadian operations after he completes his three-mile duty run. She

Eckert credits her interest in running to **James Bell**, her 22-year-old brother, who is president of the profoundly family-run business and who she claims is "almost evangelical" about the joys of juggling. So far the family that runs together has spawned a whole product line for energetic women and a 30-kilometre (19-mile) race that will see more than 10,000 Canadian women running for the cows this year. Bonnie Bell Eckert herself finished ninth in the over-55 age group that ran in Toronto. "I don't care whether I win, I just like to finish," says the grandmother of three. "I'm not trying to stay young. I'm just trying to grow old slowly."

Remember the sexist days when men rated women on a scale of 1 to 10, with intricate explanations for such half-pint gals or lit'l? Now comes the movie and, of course, it's called **10**. Another in the popular middle-aged male-critics genre that seems to be pre-

Genre: 90 on a scale of 1 to 10



occupying middle-aged Hollywood, this film features **Reagan the Piggy** and **Bradley Moon** as a composer who becomes disenchanted with his life, his work and his *Mary Poppins* girl friend *Julie Andrews*. At 48, Moon's character stalks off in search of the numerical girl of his dreams, whom he finds just as she begins her honeymoon. Undaunted, he tracks the 19-year-beauty and wins her with results that should certificate *North American* this fall. Finding a "10" woman preoccupied director **Steve Edwards**, until California-born **Steve Darc**, 53, walked his credentials into his office. Married to director **John Darc**, the former *Mary Celeste* Collins is cast from the same mould as his previous wives, *Uma Thurman* and *Uma Thurman*. "I don't think I'm a 10, but other people say I am, which is very flattering," says Cheryl, who checks in at 28-22-36, which makes her at least a 96.

Oh, the witty repartee that passes between author and publisher... **MARJORIE ARWOOD** and **JACK McCLELLAND** glued themselves to "boardroom chairs and prepared to sign 500 pages to be bound into promotion copies of his new novel, *Life Before Men Protect*." McClelland: "I sort of like mine above yours." Arwood: "No, no, Jack. Alphabetical order, please." McClelland: "You need a thinner pen." Arwood: "You need a thinner pen." McClelland: "Let me try your pen." Arwood: "No, let's face it, Jack, our pens reflect our personalities. I'm thin and delicate and you're, uh, thick."

McClelland and Arwood, witty repartee

Order and thickness established, the pair spent two hours scribbling, then the pages were whisked off to be inserted into a special soft-cover edition of the *Arwood* novel which will be published in hardcover in late September. The special edition will be received by 500 handpicked Canadian notables who have been invited to read the novel simultaneously next weekend. The book is a psycho-psychological sex-drama part of which is set amid the dinosaur skeletons of the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. "Suppose someone doesn't like the book after the weekend?" McClelland asked. "It's not going to happen," Arwood bravely replied.

There were more than a few cases of jagger's raised eyebrows last spring on Parliament Hill when **Dominion Carpenter Gordon Stater** sat down at his keyboard 200 feet above ground level in the Peace Tower and began playing *Angie Bell* and *Sister Night*. "We had to do it early in the morning because after 7 a.m. the traffic noise interferes," says **Black Butler**, 32, who was producing an album called *Peace Tower Christmas* featuring Stater and his 53 bells. Recently tourists were treated to another unusual concert on the streets as Santa Claus joined Stater in the belfry for a few pictures and a discussion of the record's content. "I was thrilled. Who wouldn't be?" says Stater, 58, of his celebrity variation, one of few he has had since all of his carolling is done in a soundproof room behind the bells. Now, Stater hopes to ring out a popular music album that will bring carolling

music to a mass audience because, as he puts it, "most carol records are dry as dust, so eastern that it's as though the carillonneur was recording only for other carillonneurs."

Hello, we're talking, and yes, we know. I think some of the kids think we're not phony so I can't talk, but I don't have any problems. I skate often, but I don't skate hard," said retired minnow defenceman **Bobby Orr**, 31, who was celebrated by the city of Ottawa on "Bobby Orr Day," Aug. 25. Crowds lined the streets of Major City for a Bobby Orr parade, followed by a Bobby Orr reception in the Bobby Orr Lounge, a \$4 Bobby Orr luncheon and a Bobby Orr golf tournament. The \$15,000 proceeds were donated to the Bobby Orr Sports Therapy Clinic, which Orr has personally funded to the tune of \$66,000. A special presentation of the day was a painting done by Clarendon, Ontario, artist **John Richardson**. It was delivered to Orr by five 11-year-olds who were all born on Dec. 15, 1964—the day Orr scored his first goal for the *Ottawa Senators* on General's home ice. Then Orr guided the 1,485 spectators through a tour of his career charted on a three-panel mural, also done by artist Richardson. He let his accolades roll off from Orr's colleagues, including **Darryl Sittler**, **Paul MacLean**, **Edmonton** and **Phil Esposito**. "Without you I'd be lucky to be making more than 10 grand today," was Esposito's succinct tribute. **Bobby Orr** edited by **Marsha Boutin**

Orn a hockey legend's life in a mural



© 1981 Marjorie Arwood





Sports

A good kick in the grass

By Hal Dunn

Kevin Eddy, former international soccer star in England, stood in the sun in Tampa, Florida, this spring watching a handful of hopefuls trying out for the Toronto Blizzard, the newly formed entry into the North American Soccer League (NASL). And yet another shot sailed yards wide of the goal, he noticed. "Rubbish," Bloody

lipped Yankee salesmanship, soccer has gripped Canada and the U.S. and is threatening to take hold.

Soccer is the major sport in 136 countries, and it was inevitable that it would be preferred to the amateur sporting appendages of North America. The amateur soccer movement, The United Soccer Association, imported entire teams from around the world and staged management matches in 1967. The same year, the National Professional Soccer League tried blending imported stars and home-grown talent with equal results. The two merged in '70 to form the NASL, which, in its various formats, has ranged from five, to eight, to 10, to 25, to 38, to its present 24-team alignment.

It wasn't until the open-chequebook philosophy of major-league sports as practiced in New York by the football Jets, baseball Yankees and hockey Rangers that was applied to soccer that the experiment became credible. In 1975 the New York Cosmos bought a national affiliation, "the Pearl," from Brazil. "It was a million-dollar gamble that could have bombed," says Cosmos' marketing director, Derek Flora. "Our first goal was to attract the media, and no one can ignore Pelt." The series took the heat and the crowds followed the headlines and Pelt to the stadium. As Bobby Hull's million-dollar deal with Winnipeg gave the World Hockey Association an attraction and credibility

Chicago open-chequebook philosophy

by Pelt, the world's best in box office, gave it all to the Hulls.

The audience in the formative years were supposedly British, European and South American, but the game was popularly accepted. The Canadians mastered the game with the strict discipline in mind, until the league did a demographic study of the fans. The results were shocking, a harbinger for the 1980s in North America: pro sport.

Among other things, the study showed that the marksmen were all wrong. Surely the ethnic population would support the game, however close it came to "rubbish" in their estimation. But the computer printed out: 32 per cent college-educated; 11 per cent over \$35,000 or more; 36 per cent under 17 years of age; 85 per cent purchased sports equipment in the preceding 12 months. Translating—professional, active, suburban and/or kids, and women. Sooner, it turns out, is sooner only to success in attracting female fans, fully 39 per cent. Thus it shouldn't be surprising that in 1979 there are more girls dedicated to play soccer in New York state than boys to play football.

"Our prospectus on buying a NASL franchise is a 2½-inch-thick book," says Blizzard President Paul Morton. Global Communications Ltd. purchased the Matros-Croatia in February for \$1.6



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The F-18A Hornet
MCDONNELL DOUGLAS





Tampa Bay action and Billard coach Ed. "W" Billard in America. You can read it

million, returning it to the Blasted. "The report covers everything, including the impact of such things as Proposition 13 in California." The "tax revolt" there was seen as a belittler for cutbacks in school budgets that would affect high-cost sports such as football and hockey. "Global wanted a TV and advertising vehicle with a future. Everything pointed to soccer as the sport of the '90s," says Morton. "Any confirmation was needed, the so-so Billard attracted more than 30,000 fans to their played game against New York two weeks ago—for a game played at one o'clock on a Thursday afternoon."

The response has been even more dramatic in Vancouver, home of the now-defunct Whitecaps, the football team and the Soccer Canada. The Whitecaps continue the long-established Loco in their home park and easily surpass the hapless Canada. Winners of three division titles of the NASL in the past two years, the Whitecaps drew an average of more than 15,000 per game last year and more than 20,000 this year.

Vancouver Island is the mainland, long a magnet for immigrants from the British Isles, has a "football heritage" dating back to the 1880s. The Whitecaps are the beneficiaries in the stands and on the field. More than 30 first-stringers in the NASL are from B.C., 13 B.C. are also the Whitecaps' roster. Edmonton millionaire sports entrepreneur Peter Focklington bought the Oakdale franchise and moved it north this year. With the help of crossover face from his Edmonton Oilers National Hockey League franchise, the Drifters attracted an average of more than 10,000 people to each home game at Commonwealth Stadium, a record for NASL expansion teams. Focklington jumped on the bandwagon for \$3 million. "It looked like a hell of



a business proposition," he says, undaunted by the Drifters' other van record this year—14 consecutive losses. "The purchase price was high, but I looked at it as a five-year deal. By 1984, the franchise will be worth \$18 million."

Any sport well played can be attractive. At the international level, it is which the NASL agrees, soccer offers nonstop action punctuated by often dazzling skill to a North American audience raised on the bulldogs and whiz-bangs of football, commercial breaks and the new "jump-and-wait" style of hockey. To schools and amateur associations, it offers an inexpensive competitive sport without the dilution and concentration of football and the toothless grins of hockey. And it is at the amateur level that the future of the NASL lies. The more than 10,000 boys and 5,000 girls under age 18, and the more than 30,000 under 10 players of the game in B.C., the

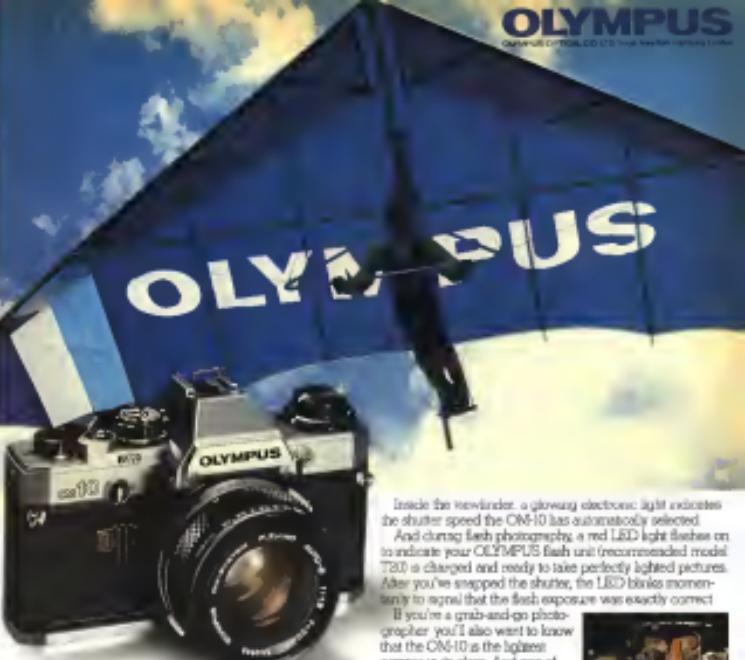
up to 30,000 registered amateur players in Alberta and like numbers in Ontario and across the country give substance to Morten's and Focklington's shared dream of building 21 front-line Canadian teams.

This year, the 24 NASL teams had to start at least five native-born or naturalized Canadians or Americans. Next season it will be three, graduating to six by 1984. ("That may have to be slowed down," Focklington realistically admits.) But it is still a game of "now," exemplified by the league's most successful franchise (averaging more than 40,000 fans per game), the New York Cosmos, who field top international household names Franz Beckenbauer and Georgia Orsiagis. The Los Angeles Aztecs have, arguably, the world's best player today, Johan Cruyff, and Detroit Express has Trevor Francis. Yet among the stars are Canadians Robert Larocque of the Washington Diplomats, Wes McLean of Tampa Bay's Rowdies, Dan Leardham with Vancouver and American Kyle Rote Jr., of Houston, who was the scoring champion in 1978, and Rick Davis of the Cosmos.

The dream of all-Canadian or all-American sides (U.S. players have taken to calling the NASL the Non-American Soccer League) is years away, just as the years of "rubbing" are past. A top English international player, Alan Ball, playing last week for Vancouver in the playoffs, says that when he first came over in 1971 his mates chided him for taking a "soccer vacation." But, he says, "I was pleasantly surprised. The top NASL teams would rate about the middle of England's second division [an assessment witnessed by Billard's British captain, Colin Francis, by the way, the calling is improving dramatically each year]."

Such franchises formed, if not committed, to the development of native players and the majority should be around long enough to follow through. Aside from the usual exceptions, the NASL is well-financed, having among its owners the Texas oilbaron Lammie Hines, Warner Communications, Lipton Tea, Madison Square Garden, Global Communications, Focklington. As well, Molson's Brewery is considering purchase of the Edmonton team and moving it to Montreal. The American Broadcasting Corporation will television nine games this year.

The Soccer Bowl will be played at Givens Stadium, home of the Cosmos, Sept. 3. A 70,000 crowd is expected. If the men appealing the decision on the NASL have read the signs correctly, if soccer can add Canada and the U.S. to the countries it captivates, the game may turn out to be football and hockey when it is double-embraced to be the Tampa Bay Rowdies' fight song. "A look in the grass,"



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Education

With hugs, raisins and help

In many suburban homes magnets clasp grocery lists to backs of school-schedules to fridge doors but in Los Angeles Trentin's kitchen there are photos of raisins, yogurt and cookies. Her 12-year-old, Robert, lopes in and grunts, pointing to his favorite treat. It took Angelina Trentin and her late husband, Marion, three weeks to teach their severely retarded son to point, rather than to scream and shove for sweets. Part of a program to help parents train their retarded or autistic children, the simple idea was conceived by Florence Lansdowne, one of seven Toronto-area women — each, herself, a mother of a mentally handicapped youngster.

"Parents of the handicapped are best equipped, through experience, to help those in the same situation," says Dr. Malcolm Giesler, a professor at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education (OISE), who began the program two years ago. "Unlike many professionals, they don't make judgements or tell parents what they should do with their



Angelina Trentin and son now rewards

kids. They simply teach parents how to teach."

The Giesler outreach program has been described by Professor Leonard Kaplan of Michigan's Wayne State University as more "professional" and effective than comparable programs in 40

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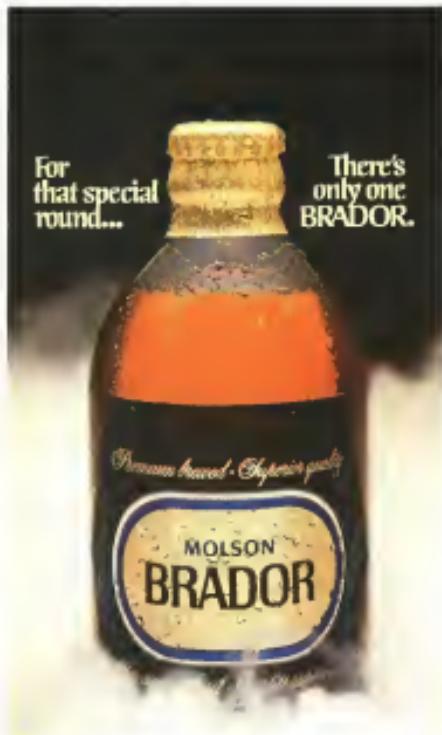
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U.S. communities. "Because these women have been through similar problems, parents readily accept them into their homes and listen to them," he says.

Other Canadian groups have recognized the value of parents helping one another. The Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded has "Parent Panel" programs in nearly 30 of its 360 chapters across the country, matching parents of retarded newborns with non-persistent relatives. (There are 700,000 retarded persons in Canada.) And Toronto's Clarke Institute of Psychiatry

has encouraged parents of autistic children to meet informally to discuss their mutual problems. Autism, a mental condition of undetermined cause characterized by a withdrawal from reality, affects four out of every 10,000 Canadians.)

But Gartner's program takes the concept of parent help several steps further. Parents work for 20 hours a week each week, the women are trained intensively in behavioral modification techniques before coming to the house. On regular visits, they urge parents to set short goals for their child, design a series



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GERTHER THERAPY FOR PARENTS

of tasks to reach the goal, and give rewards along the way. The child's favorite treats—candy, candies, bags of whatever—are given as rewards for completing tasks. Punishment is not used.

For Angelina Trentlin, it meant that each time Robert wanted a snack, she'd make him wait and pointed at a picture. When he was really upset or pushed her, she ignored him and didn't give a treat. He soon caught on.

To date, 149 families have been visited regularly by the Gartner-trained parents. This fall, Ontario legislators will be asked to continue funding the program at \$80,000 a year. "It's effective and very good," says Ruth Mills of the ministry of community and social services. "If only four children become more manageable and require home visits next year, the program has justified itself financially," says OTRP program co-ordinator Mary Perry. One year's institutional care costs about \$30,000 per child.

In human terms, the program's worth to parents is immeasurable. Says Angelina Trentlin, "If I die before Robert, at least now I know he will be able to do some things for himself." But, for some, the reward comes too late. After months of coaching by his father, Robert finally repeated his first and only word, "papa"—15 minutes after Diane Trentlin died.

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Energy

Building new houses sunny side up

The idea gaining ground in the race to harness the sun's energy has nothing to do with expensive and sometimes leaky solar collectors mounted on sloping roofs from meteorologists or tricky heat store systems. By-passing the fancy hardware, a few architects, engineers and planners are turning toward to passive solar heating. With its old-fashioned mullioned windows, new-fangled insulation and judiciously placed masses of concrete and earth, it has the potential to slash more than 50 percent of new heat and electricity costs.

Passive solar systems can save 50 per cent or more on fuel bills, says Eugenio Capiluppi, a Toronto consulting engineer who prepared a technical paper for the annual conference of the Solar Energy Society of Canada in Charlottetown, P.E.I., last week. But passive solar has not been widely recognized or supported with Canadian research and development. "One of the problems is that there is very little money available," says Capiluppi.

Society's technical committee is the main reason, according to Ottawa architect Bruce Gough, that the government has aimed research money chiefly at active solar systems. Furthermore, says Gough, passive solar technology is so simple that engineers can't put a handle on why it works, and that makes them skeptical.

But a Gough-designed passive solar house in the Gatineau Hills of Quebec is standing proof that passive works. With an expanse of glass to its southern exposure and a relatively windless northern frost, it carried a prime tag of \$130,000 and an annual heating bill of less than \$800. It is also a sharp contrast to experimental active solar energy houses where the price tag for the heating system alone can reach \$60,000.

P.E.I.'s *Conservor One*, an energy conserving house just outside Charlottetown, was built with the aid of government funds. The privately funded Institute of Man and Resources last winter insulated the three-bedroom house that sits on a wooden foundation, back into a few hillsides silencing earth to insulate exterior walls and has a concentration of thermal windows on

the south face. It sold recently for less than \$30,000, cost less than \$750 to heat last year and saved an estimated 50 per cent in energy using passive solar and propane heat.

"Part of the idea is that it is not unlike your average home," says Stewart Steele, project co-ordinator for the institute. "It even has a pane door, which is supposed to be bed." Of passive solar energy, he says, "I'm sure it's a good place. More than anything else, it is a question of building an energy-efficient, low-cost house that takes maximum advantage of the sun. It is a question of design rather than hardware."

On the Prairies, Saskatoon builder

P.E.I.'s *Conservor One* (above), Ottawa architect Bruce Gough's new window on the sun



Keith Park has designed Toronto's first vertical masses of concrete blocks that capture sunlight and radiate heat into the house—as standard features in 22 houses. Fired from \$49,000 to \$60,000, Park says they can be heated by electricity for \$30 to \$50 a year. And in B.C., Vancouver's government-assisted Elbowless townhouse development has been described as perhaps the most ambitious passive solar project on the continent.

But even those committed to passive solar designs are not convinced of its future. Gough, who was hired by the National Research Council to identify what had to be done to develop passive solar in Canada, says, "Whether or not it will ever get there is another question. There is no money. Nothing. Federal response is disappointingly low." Earlier this year he received funds from Energy Mines and Resources Canada (EMRC) to compile a report on passive solar heating in Canada, but now says EMRC may lack the expertise to evaluate it.

Meanwhile, in Ontario, the government's viewpoint is shifting. While that province has undertaken a fairly significant research and development effort in the active solar and renewable areas, most of it has been related to active solar energy, says Stell Yang, who is development adviser for the conservation and renewable energy branch. The province's ministry of energy will soon publish its report on how new technologies can be designed to make the best use of passive solar gains. "I think we're going to the residential side active solar as far from being available to a large number of people," says Yang. "In the near future, we expect much more out of passive solar research and development, than out of active."

Susan Scouge/Barbara Robson



Archeology

The mystery of an old child

Suzanne Zemler

at mouth the grass an Wopdecker Island Bluff had baked to a brown, leathery fuzz in the dry heat that had persisted in southern Alberta since spring. A short walking distance below the bluff ran the muddy Oldman River, sluggish and shadowed. The rattlesnakes came out often to warm themselves in the sun. The archaeologists, plodding precariously as the face of the 70-foot cliff, were mindful of scalding both the snakes and the mid-Afternoon heat. It was apparent that the men searching for evidence of the dawns of man in North America should start their days shortly after dawn. But even with an early start the painstaking sifting and sifting for stone tools, bone fragments, and artifacts took time.

The Archie Stellar shadowed among the hills that have since plagued his life. A paleontologist, Stellar was examining a geological survey north of Turner, Alberta, when a field assistant pocketed a handful of bones sticking out of a sandy bank above the Oldman River. A sandy bank the skeleton seems to have come from, Stellar thought, and arranged them and dispatched them to Ottawa for testing to verify his geological findings. But at the National Museum of Man, pathologist W. W. Wann Langham took a look and recognized the skull and both of shoulder bones as human. The child, he concluded, was the remains of a nonconsanguineous child. But it was

world. In 1961, scientists maintained that man had arrived on the North American continent a mere 12,000 years before. The experts weren't about to change their opinion on the basis of a geologist's sensational finding. But Stalker stuck with his bones, although he knew that there had been a reason, because they change his overall work. Science has since come around to believing that man did make it to America somewhat earlier, but if Aborigine Child, as Stalker's skull has been called, died where it was found, under the remains of two ice ages, then prehistory will have to be rewritten as a

where they were. Worse yet, critics say, a reputable archaeologist didn't find them by orthodox means. But Forbes and the University of Toronto's C.S. (Rufus) Charlevoix, a paleoanthropologist, had the alternative unlikely—that somehow brought to this cairn this 60,000-year-old skull and buried it on an obscure Alberta riverbank on the off-chance that it would be eventually found.

"I don't see where else it could have come from but where it was found," says Forbes. Adds Charlevoix: "The simplest solution is often the best." But to prove that a child's body simply floated down a river 60,000 years ago—as they firmly believe—they must find more evidence. More of the skeleton would be best but could be scattered miles upstream. "We'd like to see a couple of pounds of old bones," says Charlevoix, "because that would be enough to radiocarbon date."

If it pays off, "it'd be worth it." If you can prove their case it means that a Black American man was farther advanced at an earlier time than supposed to get to southern Alberta, was he had to reach the clothing first stage. "It's complex but not hopeless," says Charbonneau. "There's a lot of sheer, dumb luck involved. The same kind of dumb luck involved the 600-year-old Tsang in Africa 55 years ago." There's really no cash out there for this. Farber patiently: "It takes 100, it takes 300 years. Each time we have a new idea, we'll come back and try it." Charbonneau predicts even a lifetime of looking. "I can foresee all the living eventually disappearing, while Archie Stolzen, Mike and I coming back, year after year, for another look."

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'Tis the season to be crazy . . . fa-la-la-la-la

The secret, of course, is to keep your eyes on a grape and your mouth agape. Forty-five-year-old Paul Twiss can probably do it better than any man alive. And two weeks of practice paid off in a big way. For Twiss regained the world record for catching a round grape in the mouth. The purple morsel had been thrown an incredible 230 feet and four inches.

Twiss's original record of 201 feet in July 1977, had been broken by a Louisville grape catcher. He managed a 238-foot (not feet) catch this year. Now, according to the folks at the New England Produce Center in Chelsea, Massachusetts, Twiss wants Mike Weiz, a police officer from a nearby town, to add his name to the record. "Then, Officer Weiz shot the grape himself," Twiss reported to one side, changed his shirt over his catch, and stood motionless while tapes were brought for the measurement. A cheer went up from the side-lines. It was a historic moment.

There are those who claim that grape catching and one chip eating and one piece of cake splitting and tree climbing and other records are in a lot of paper and no paper. But, there are others who say that they're the spice of American life, the foundation of folklore for the future, and the best possible paradigm for the long hot summer when the United States traditionally goes dog-dry.

Now, Vito Lattanzi, 68, an electrical engineer, has published what is believed to be the most comprehensive list of

one kind of sheet would just mean 'good morning' while another might mean that someone was sick and there was an emergency."

Said Lattanzi: "They say that in the old days three or four neighbors would all join together in a symphony of hellos. There are some marvelous yellies. And they can carry for a mile or more."

Among the other contests that have caught Lattanzi's imagination are races for frogs, turtles, one-legged men and mites. Lattanzi's own favorite is the cow chip racing contest in Beaver, Oklahoma.

"This began started from the old days out on the plains where these cow chips were conveniently and naturally available," says Lattanzi. "After they had been out under the sun for a few months they dried into a very compact and substantial bundle, shaped in the form of a snail. The cowboys used them, out of boredom, in racing competitions. To perpetuate that custom the local people today have the official contest. One of the aspects that I just love is that they have a special division for professional politicians."

There are at least three chicken flying competitions. Each bird is put in a box on top of a 10-foot-high wall, then the box lid is suddenly opened. The chicken steps out, finds itself falling through the air and starts flapping. Some go as far as 100 feet.

Says Lattanzi: "The sort of estimation of the people who attend these different contests exceeds the enthusiasm you will find from the people who attend a football game or a baseball game. People's average brain waves were evaluated by a psychologist, he would find some characteristics that are different from normal people. The spontaneous fun from an unusual contest is far greater than from profes-

sional activities. And it's a very American thing. Crazy, but we love it."

Dr. Harry Pearson, assistant professor and folklorist at the University of Maryland, is not at all sure that many of the unusual contests are really folklore in the making and suspects that, rather, they are commercially inspired by business to attract tourists.

"For example, how traditional could a tractor pull be in terms of time?" asks Pearson. "On the other hand it seems to be very traditional in using that type of farm technology for fun, whether it would be corn or horses or something like that. I can tell you that these contests are boozing. We seem to be beginning more and more of them."

All traditions have to start somewhere. There must be a beginning and one test of their 'folkiness' might be is how long they last. Will they still be throwing and catching grapes in 100 years?

Some events certainly seem to have the markings of history and maybe deserve to be continued. Take for instance the "Stoners-Wheats-Brown Marathon" which began and developed greatly enough at base in downtown Denver, Colorado, last July. With two craggy peaks visible along the way, nearly 40 out-of-shape "participants" runners managed to jog, walk, limp or stumble the 10 long blocks involved and raise several thousand dollars in the process.

The marathon was for the benefit of Jeff Perrill who was shot in the head in June when he ordered three men out of The Tap Tap, a bar where he worked as a bouncer. The 34-year-old bouncer needs about \$10,000 a week for medical expenses. Two other bar owners decided to organize the event to help raise money for their friend. There is talk now of it becoming an annual affair with cash going to some good "drinking man's cause." Who knows, in time it may replace Johnny Appleseed.

William Lowther



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Nuclear Communications Centre, Pickering



Cutting losses on the range

Childhood—*a disease that causes dehydration and diarrhea, often leading to death*—has long been the bane of children, killing 250,000 calves a year in Canada at an estimated cost of \$40 million. The disease is often associated with poor sanitation and can be caused by viruses or, most frequently, by enteropathogenic *Escherichia coli*—E. coli for short—micro-organisms that attach themselves to the calf's stomach and intestinal walls, producing toxins which cause body fluids to collect in the stomach.

In the United States, Australia, Argentina, and other large cattle-producing countries, the cost and the losses are 10 times as high as in Canada. But that should soon be a nasty and costly chapter from the past thanks to a team of Saskatchewan scientists who appear to have a solution.

Since 1973 the Veterinary Infectious Disease Organization (VIDO) has spent \$1 million to develop a vaccine that has

promise 80-per-cent effectiveness. It's being produced by federally funded Commonwealth Laboratories of the

related康桥公司负责在世界范围内推广该产品。该产品于1982年12月在U.S.市场上推出，1983年1月在世界范围内推广。

Dr. Chris Bigland, head of the research team of SC, says the vaccine is given to cows in two doses, six and three weeks before calving. The calves then receive antibodies through the mother's milk, preventing the *E. coli* from attacking.

taching to their intestine wall in the central few days after birth. "Re-enums have sought a cure for years and it was just a happy accident that the Canadian team landed ours," says Paul Hodgson, VIDO's executive officer. Development of the vaccine should be good news for consumers as well as hog farmers.

well as calves and their owners. "It will cut production losses substantially and should at least stop any escalation of beef and milk prices," says Hodgman.

Column

Hanging out at the shopping mall—the somatose generation sleepwalks into the '80s



The Fortress Army

In front of the Arcadia at Omicron Mississauga Square One shopping centre is a black machine called a computerized sex tester. "The ba-

"Juda," the girl at the pet shop had told me, "are in the Arradis and hang around the cinemas. The good kids are at the Five Kitchens food places. Whoever the bad kids at the Arradis are up to it clearly does not involve the computerized sex tester. The probie machines along the wall are crowded. There is no fighting, no

lope, as ripples of sexual tension in the air. It is all very silent except for the din of the machines and the sound of loose change. Finally, betraying my weakness, I go in the computerised sex centre, put in a dime and press the

batture—after some hesitation—marked FINALE. The lights begin to flicker up and down the list of characteristics: "soft pants," "peacock," "sexy," "frigid"—then stop on the word "motherly." Once again I am astonished at the perceptiveness of modern technology.

"They're a terrible lot, these kids," my high-school teacher friends have told me. "They're dead. They care about nothing. Go to the shopping plazas and see them." So I go. At the Eaton Centre in Toronto I check with the security guard.

"What do you want to see?" he says. "Black kids or Grizzlies?" Peased, I reply, "Kids. You know, the sort of pinkish-aiced look."

"Aren't any left," he answers and then turns away to make whispered sounds into a walkie-talkie. Well, there

are now left. Moving like little pinhead pigeons on top of four-rack beds that thrust chests and spines forward, the pharisees cower shamed and plunged hunched backs high up into anterooms, slightly tight jeans. 15-year-old girls, tasseled by hair growing out of Favela Fawcett, layers and months stretching, then fine one another up as teenagers have for generations. Strutting out to them, the desperation height of their maniacalness too frail to serve a tough blast of air-conditioning and

their male counterparts. They walk and eat—Gad, they never stop eating—Styrofoam plates of殖民meat and chips carried from one beach to another, dumped into garbage cans and replaced by new-colored drinks.

Shopping plans are community entries for great numbers of teens-agers, it appears. This is not particularly astonishing. Teens-agers have been gathering variously outside stores, in movie houses, bowling alleys, in parks and elsewhere. In many cases, teenagers that walk, say, McChaelangelo was painting the Sistine

consciousness—that same how society has short-changed them is a dissenting, if not aggressive defense of the '90s. Most of these children sitting around the shopping plazas of our land seem to know nothing and know

But perhaps that is precisely what the technological society of the 80s needs—somebody to generate. Hanley foresees an pre-industrial society a person needed at least one who still baked bread, tilling a field, tending a flock. Now, at the lower end

Chapel (with the help of a few outstanding teen-age apprentices), the great majority of young people were raising raising square, waiting vacantly for the seasonal fair. But what is different about this generation—the generation of the '60s?

"It looked at me and I thought, 'ah, my God!' The girl would give them her sweater, her girl-friend, at the last, both seated in front of the Brasserie. 'Don't say it,' replied the girl-friend breathlessly, 'you don't.'

"It's true, I thought, 'Oh, my God!' Well, in the '60s, who would have asked such other if there was a God. Maybe they would have marched arm-in-arm singing "give peace a chance." Yesterday's teen-agers, now in their '30s, might still talk about "relating" and their "Karma." These today would get tangled up in their names and teacher tote bags—subtlying any group delineation. Now they talk about jobs, now where to buy the T-shirt "that girl over there is wearing." In fact, they talk of the spiritual—though not necessarily so—since people need to learn less than they ever had. One can punch a button on an assembly line or fill up a gas tank without stirring the brain too deeply. All the same, I can't share the total pessimism of most of my peers about these apparent signs of blitheness—wedding after wedding, I run into the likes of Yves. The best look all connection! What the world would look with pessimistic optimism? Now, lately, it's the wors who lack all conviction. Since these children are not empowered with inspiring or changing the world, they are less likely to change themselves into the passionate pre-fabbed made of the '60s—burning, bombing, barking to lobots any dissent from their own nameless consciousness. Our shopping pleasure have as yet, few mode. The moods and fuses in these are real. It is the difference between an empty canvas and a pornographic picture. On a plain canvas something worthwhile might still be painted.





The commodity between the covers

By Marni Jackson

THERE wasn't The Albert Brattle Book Shop in Toronto, where MacLean's King of Books bought his books. A 1910s literary air of *debonair* still prevails—a touch of the 20th century in the back of the shop where new paperback best sellers are propped like headliners in their ready-for-display cardboard frames. The atmosphere was middle-aged, with a kindly feel, a finger-wave and a book like a household. The customer was about 27. He took a page of paper out of the back pocket of his jeans and asked, "Do you have *Baby Let My Folly*?" Yes, "do we have *Baby Let My Folly*?" The tone was that of a British Museum librarian discussing a certain manuscript on Tralipe. The customer, after a few thoughts, the salesman assured her customer that such a book existed, in a Doubleday paperback, and that they would be pleased to order it for him.

As you can actually wander into Brattle's and order *Baby Let My Folly* or *Deuce Box* or even the new *David Fincher* video, if anyone had really emerged in the world of books at Brattle's, the fact that there are four new After paperbacks tied into the movie has not yet eclipsed the idea of a book as a thing in itself. Not a "property," or a potential blockbuster movie, or

a former TV mini-series, or a commodity between covers. A good bookseller projects the sense that every book on the shelf reflects some kind of choice—not just volume buying of the latest best-seller. But while an independent bookseller—Author Books in Vancouver, Toronto's Bob Miller Book Room, Mary Sleser Books in Winnipeg—may delight book readers, it actually reflects what is happening to the book business, which has become less bookish and more businesslike.

Publishers can no longer afford to act like custodians of culture, without reference to the commercial market. There are obvious economic reasons, just as the rising costs of paper, printing and shipping are sending the price of books up, the reading public is wondering whether it can afford to pay upward of

Movie stories, video novelties and series (left). Anna Hills of B-Movie's book business—less bookish, more business



\$15 for a hard-cover novel—or \$8.95 for a paperback that two years ago cost \$1.95. As more publishing houses are being bought by large corporations (Gulf and Western bought Paramount and Simon and Schuster, a sign also of the new relations between the film and book industries), the mood is innumerable, competitive and enterprise—more newsletters, more paperbacks, first come and like so many soft-cover Big Books and marketing techniques are at the centre of the book trade.

The last book to hit the Brattle's racks was *Life Before Miss*, a novel by Margaret Atwood, an auto-biographical book by Parley Mowat, another extravagance from wildlife artist Glen Loates. Booksellers are hoping that *Rocky* (Carr 144) will be the big Christmas art book. Market-tested books now dominate the American book scene, with new works due in print from Tom Wolf, Norman Mailer and Philip Roth. *Dark Lagoon* has a new novel. *Diehard* (Carr 145) will be on the stands. In the wake of last year's runaway novelty book *Greaser*, the third

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BONUS GIFT AND SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY SAVINGS**

best-selling novelist (she is Canadian) last year, after Peter G. Newman's *Bronx Bombers* and *The Wolf*. *Freeze* by Pierre Berton) contains a series of angels, devils, dragons and motifs. A certain foraging calculation is evident, suggesting that the perfect 1980 title would be something new but rather old: *The Joy of Games Playing*. *Hooley for Big Books*.

At a promotion party for the fall McClelland and Stewart books, President Jack McClelland divided his fiction titles into the commercial literary (including the new *Atwood* and *The Magician's Doubts* by Brian Moore), the commercial (such as *Wiseacre* by William Deverell, winner of the \$50,000 Seal First Novel Award), and the esoteric-series books by established authors such as Naom Kattan and Marie-Claire Blain. The literature-for-itselfsake category was missing. "We don't have room for publishing purely literary titles," explained McClelland, who is neither a heartless book maga- nor an unfeeling purist.

"The people doing well these days are the paperback houses, the new book packagers such as Allan Stewart of Jonathan-Jones (who designs, has writers and then sells the books to publishers here and in other countries), and the literary agents. I don't see any brains, during moves as the part of the publishers," says Susan Walker, editor of publishing's trade paper *Quill & Quire*. The raw of the literary agent Christo has three busy ones—Locanda Vardes, Billie Peiper and Nancy Collier, who has even found it necessary to hire an associate, Mary Adachi—three more than it had as little as six years

Pomer and Collier (seated), Stromton, the new presence of the deal-maker



ago, points to a new presence in the book business, that of the deal-maker: the agent who acquires a Canadian manuscript for a New York publisher for \$150,000, the story editor on the prewl for good film properties.

A certain crassness is unavoidable when a novel is viewed as a primarily good movie vehicle—she is an troubled confidence about what works (will)—and what doesn't. In an article on Hot Books in *Time Out Film* magazine, a New York story editor employed by a film studio declared that "the only thing you can't go wrong with is the contemporary romance, with two people falling in love with or without conflict, getting some kicks along the way." *Yanks? War and Peace and York?*

What the new commercialism will mean is that first novels, poetry, plays and the unconventional book are destined to ride as publishers' cattle will get left behind in the search for the blockbuster book. Some Canadians in the book business such pleasure as a good thing, reasoning that Canadian writers ought to prove their mettle in the marketplace, along with everyone else—that the so-called Golden Years of Canadian publishing (now deflated over) were just a sweet substandard mirage. In culture what the great-given support or what readers want to buy? Others feel that the desire to sell will threaten the Matix Councils of Canada, forcing them to write market-oriented novels instead of following the contours of their own creative development—Matt Oates himself being one of the fearful. "As far as I'm concerned," says Beverly Sloper, *woman-about-the-book* and part-time literary agent, "the new commercialism will only benefit on the pretensions. The out-of-control commercialism and the concern with self-sell—John Cheever and *Brooks Atkinson* are on the same best-seller list. What will be hardest hit is what art—and the mediocre."

Mixed blessings. As Roy Macmillan, managing literary officer with the Canada Council, says, "On the one hand, Canadian authors now have a chance to capture a huge market, to become household names. But things are really tight, getting into print is the first place is difficult. The two big guys—Macmillan and McClelland and Stewart—are publishing books by Judy LaMarsh and saying no to West Coast novelist Andrey Thomas. There is just no development time or capital." Oates will publish Andrey Thomas, but the literary press are really feeling the pinch.

The best-seller syndrome has forced the small presses to see themselves as specialists—as small presses, in fact. "The chain stores show no interest in our books," says Karl Siegler of Vancouver's Talonbooks, the country's na-



Written with Atwood face-on on The Wall—up-to-date with poker-around-and-somewhat

her publisher of Canadian plays, "but we'll continue to print what we believe in. Distribution is the big problem, we're reevaluating our list of names and thinking about a more direct relationship to our readers." New marketing strategies and alternate distribution schemes, mail-order catalogues and plain brown-wrapper routes the result may be a mainstream/underground split in which literary supermarkets—the chain stores—and the best sellers and the independent booksellers deal with the rest.

The House of Anansi is one example of how things are changing. A small press that was early responsive to Canadian writing—publishing books by George Grant, Margaret Atwood and Michael Ondrejkot—but developed it Anansi has survived, barely. It's clear that the days when a small, three-person press could dream of cornering the national market are gone. "Our real problem is access," says president Ann Wall. "In Canada there are about 30 or 15 bookstores who are both financially stable and willing to stock poetry. But any publisher who wants to last is risking his throat by not publishing a few books for the lasting market—if you only sit for books that sell, you can kill yourself. We just deal in a different time span. We can sell 50,000 copies over a period of years, not in the first few days." Her voice has that cast-iron realistic tone acquired by any book lover long in the business. "Our latest strategy is selling books to American universities for their CanLit courses."

If the avant-garde literary novel is becoming an endangered species, so is

the independent bookseller that still wants to sell them. Bill Roberts, past president of the Canadian Booksellers Association, went to L.A. recently on business and was asked what he did. "I'm a dinosaur," he said. "I run a general bookseller."

"I'm still trying to stock first novels," says John Richardson, co-owner of A Different Drummer Books, in Burlington, Ontario. He sounds a bit like a restaurateur swearing, "Na, our wine prices won't go up." "But it's hard. Our big sellers right now are vegetarian cookbooks. *Pasta* is hotting, children's books still well and we could probably triple our travel section. Poetry? Forget it. I love the new Don Grouseck novel, *Classical Music*, but there's only about two or three customers I can really sell it to. It's the same sort of stuff that pays the bills."

On the bookseller's shelf what he wants to sell still stands. The market in Canada is a fragmented, going-down-for-the-annuals type. "Generally, book sales are healthy, the book market in Canada increased nearly 13 per cent in the 1977 season and Canadians bought about \$850 million worth of books. And if New York City continues on its five-year-old-as-Canada timetable, there are signs that literary may come to be regarded as an elegant new skill—a form of traditional racquetball for the middle class. Knowledgeable collectors of fiction will gather like antique rug dealers in stores where the dealers talk about the "well" of a good book."

That new overlap of literary taste and fashion can already be found on upper Madison Avenue in New York, where Bill Britton and partner Jeanette Watson have opened Books & Co., in a city riddled with competition. Britton only



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wanted to sell "real books"—fiction, poetry, art books and the classics. Open store Books & Co. hasn't only survived. "It's been like a fire sale every day," according to Britton, an ex-musician of considerable charm who wears reading glasses and likes to lend customers to special books like a selection of *Madame Bovary*.

Books & Co. combines up-to-date with the cluttered, jolts-around serendipity of traditional bookshops. With its wooden shelves, gallery lighting and soft music, it suggests what fluorescent chandeliers don't—the softness of reading. William Shawn, editor of *The New Yorker*, is said to have walked in, looked around and announced, "I want to live here." Diana Hoffmann came by and read D.H. Lawrence at one of the Tuesday evening poetry readings upstairs. Bernard Malamud, Brendan Gill, Truman Capote—on a good day the store resembles a saloon with a card room. One entire side is known as *The Wall*. Only great and lasting writers (in Britton terms) are invited onto the shelves. Britton rallies of the Canadian as *The Wall*, some of whom even warrant the distinction of being displayed face out. Robertson Davies, Margaret Atwood, Michael Ondatje, Mark Galtier.

But one distinction needs to be made in the U.S., where chain stores account for 15 per cent of retail sales, independent bookstores still dominate. In Canada, the chain stores have cornered more than 40 per cent of book sales. Could *The Wall* ever stand in Canada? Or in many places?

In 1965, novelist Malcolm Lowry got a letter from his publisher, Jonathan Cape, who had received the manuscript of his novel, *Under the Volcano*. The first reader had blotted it, but the second reader had criticism. Lowry, he felt, was "given to eccentric word-sprouting and the use of unnecessary punctuation marks." He wrote indignantly, however, that the "Mexican book critics" had based his *eschewels* "on a harsh you very much." Lowry wrote back, "but if you will excuse my saying so, I don't at all keep the local editor, whatever that is, an *eschewel*." His letter defending the length and structure of his novel was almost another novel in itself, and in it he argued that, "there is something about the ending of the book that seems to tell me it just might go on selling a very long time." High-fives stuff, from a non-bookshopper novelist to his patient publisher. What would an editor say to *Under the Volcano* today? "Change the title to *Volcano*?" Or, "I see Lee Marvin cast as the Commissar." Or a letter of rejections saying, "Personally, I would love to publish your admirable novel, but at this point in time it is not right for us." ☐



Films

From the mouths of babes

BY ROBERT M. YOUNG
Directed by Robert M. Young

Before her parents tell her they are going to get divorced, 18-year-old Pranny (Trina Alvarado) has a nap. Careful to provide the illusion that all is well, her father (John Lithgow) retires from sleeping elsewhere and creeps up the stairs very early in the morning. Pranny makes entries in her copy of *The Joy of Sex* of the exact times he returns. Up the stairs, he goes into her bedroom to look in on her. She pretends to be asleep.

The pulse of desire in always hanging around in *Rich Kids*, but Judith Bass' directorial antennae will always tease out of it what she gets at the dramatic associations. She gets, amazingly, however, that the "Mexican book critics" had based his *eschewels* "on a harsh you very much." Lowry wrote back, "but if you will excuse my saying so, I don't at all keep the local editor, whatever that is, an *eschewel*." His letter defending the length and structure of his novel was almost another novel in itself, and in it he argued that, "there is something about the ending of the book that seems to tell me it just might go on selling a very long time." High-fives stuff, from a non-bookshopper novelist to his patient publisher. What would an editor say to *Under the Volcano* today? "Change the title to *Volcano*?" Or, "I see Lee Marvin cast as the Commissar." Or a letter of rejections saying, "Personally, I would love to publish your admirable novel, but at this point in time it is not right for us." ☐

Levy and Alvarado as allies suggesting why today's relationships won't work

their elders, try to seek. It's wonderful to watch and they're not out for a moment.

Pranny's mother (Kathryn Walker) explains that two people can live together only if they want to. "I want a nice, intelligent, angry divorce like everybody else," she tells her lover, the family lawyer (David Selby), who reminds her, "We're all good people." Then why are we all so *up*?" she asks. She's as confused as Pranny is. Her mother (Gloribeth Marquez) has married a drunk and her father (Jerry Kline) has been a career success with a career and a family. Her dad's dad's dad's, one shepherds gets a *Desperate Housewives* look on their faces half-laced. The rich kids are their falls half-baked.

Let's end as so courageously that *Housewives*, *Rich Kids* is the better movie. While it comes to suggesting why relationships just won't work these days. Though the plot is too neatly tied together and the director's style isn't exciting (it doesn't intrude on the material either), there are plenty of principles on a beautiful adolescent's face. Trina Alvarado, so good in *Reversing Colors* on Broadway, is beautiful and there some. Watch the way the latents. The New York cop actors are terrible too. When the father admits to getting a divorce, Pranny asks him, "Did you love each other when you made me?" Of course, he says, and, of course this is enough to leaves her feelings. *Rich Kids* has that same lazing power.

—Lawrence O'Toole

NATIONAL MAGAZINE AWARDS • '78 • GRANDS PRIX DES MAGAZINES CANADIEN

WINNERS

The National Magazine Awards Foundation congratulates the winners of awards for excellence in the second annual Magazine Awards program. Individual magazine writers, photographers, illustrators and art directors compete in sixteen awards categories and receive \$1,000 golden scroll awards or \$500 silver scroll awards for second place. This year there were 1,330 entries of work appearing in ninety-three Canadian magazines. The awards program is bilingual and was adjudicated by eighty-two English or French-speaking judges from Charlottetown, P.E.I. to Victoria, B.C., assembled in specialized juries. The Directors of the Foundation also give awards for outstanding achievement each year by Canadian magazines.

The winners are:

University of Western Ontario President's Medal Awards for General Magazine Articles Gold: Robert Collier, *Kosovo '94: The Spy That Fell From the Sky*, Reader's Digest; Pierre Dupont, "La guerre des postes," *l'Actualité*; Silver: Danielle Ouellet, "Du bonheur sur les bateaux," Québec Science; Sandra Gwyn, *L'Actualité*; Saturday Night

Toronto Dominion Bank Awards for Humour James Barrie, "The Day the Queen Came to Mississauga," *Harmontown*; Silver: Serge Langlois, "L'art de faire tomber," *Nous*.

Meritorious Life of Canada Awards for Business Writing: *Financial Post* Magazine Gold: David MacDonald, "La crise du charbon au Canada," Sélection du Reader's Digest

RBC Awards for Science and Technology Michel Gasparin, "La base James pour le matériel et pour le pré," *Financial Post* Magazine; Silver: Robert Collier, *Kosovo '94: The Spy That Fell From the Sky*, Reader's Digest

McLennan Awards for Canadian Sports Writing: *Edmonton Journal*, "Tree of No More"; *Harmontown*; Silver: Robert McRae, "Coke on Ice"; *The Canadian*; Silver: Roger Trenholly, "Doctor Bowman et Mme Hyde," *l'Actualité*

Abitibi Paper Awards for Politics: Marc Lavoie, "Les voies évidemment décalées," *l'Actualité*; Silver: Bertrand Aulais, "Le père Ryan ou la tentation du pouvoir," *l'Actualité*

Canada Packen Awards for Agriculture: Carol Allen, "Cattle Roundup," *Harmontown*; Silver: Diane Bennett, "Dr Alexander Macpherson, At Your Coal Service," *Harmontown*

McCllland and Stewart Awards for Fiction: Gabrielle Roy, "The Satellites," *Tremblant Review*; Silver: Perrine Dubé, "Les 66 ans de la Licorne," *Robitaille*; *Châtelaine*

du Maestro Awards for Poetry: Sean Virgo, "Deadline on Stadeau Naufrage"; *Malibat Review*; Silver: George Félix, "Death of a Clutch Dancer," *Canadas Forum*

Foundation Awards for Culture: George Woodcock, "Mirror of Narcissus," *Saturday Night*; Silver: Georges-Henri Gervais, "Un goûter pour l'artiste," *l'Actualité*

Air Canada Awards for Television: *Toronto Mac McDonald, The Immortal Frost*; *Toronto Life*; Silver: Michael Bright, "The Second Great Leap," *Macneish*

Seagram Awards for Magazine Illustration: Blair Dresser, "Even," *Weekend Magazine*; Silver: Bill Drivson, "Alcoholics are Just Like You and Me," *Saturday Night*

Kodak Canada Awards for Studio Photography: Michel Pilon, "Tree No More"; *Harmontown*; Silver: Gérald Proctor, "The 27-minute Economics Degree," *l'Actualité*

Foundation Awards for Photojournalism: Anthony Blieck "Holland Marsh," *City Magazine*; Silver: Stephen Horner, "Journey to Redmond," *Harmontown*

Allen R. Fleming/McLennan Awards for Art Direction: Robert Priest, "The Coke Campaign," *Weekend Magazine*; Silver: Georgia Hardstark, "Few are Chosen," *Harmontown*

Bonus Batten Awards for Magazine Covers: Robert Priest, "Sell Hard"; *Weekend Magazine*; Silver: James Lawrence, "Hydroponics," *Harmontown*

Foundation Director's Awards for Outstanding Achievement by a Canadian magazine in 1978: *Maclean's* magazine, *Owl* and *Québec-Science*; *Castane* (most); *Canadian Business* and *Capitaine Review*

NATIONAL MAGAZINE AWARDS FOUNDATION

Photography

The anatomy of ambiguity

By David Livingstone

The literal-explosion that currently marks one culture—and displays itself diversely in movies, paintings painstakingly made to look as if taken by a camera, a television series called *Real People*, and a re-vitalized Christianity that cuts across racisms and bleeding hearts—makes especially welcome any art given over to abstraction. Such are the photographs of Toronto psychiatrist Joel Walker, 50, of whose ambiguous color images are being exhibited at Nixon House in New York from Aug. 21 to Sept. 3. The show is called *See & Tell* and is billed as "An exhibition of evocative photographs and an informal survey of the feelings they evoke."

When he started his practice in 1976, Walker wanted to create a warm atmosphere in the room where he would meet his patients. He covered the walls in grates and hung two prints made from slides he had shot. A honey, artistic touch soon evolved into a therapeutic tool. Walker recalls, "Patients would

come in and naturally go to something to make themselves. They'd talk about these pictures and as they began to talk about them, I realized very quickly that they were talking about what they were feeling. The images were communicating enough that they could trust to project onto them kind of their own potential, the way they perceived the world."

The exhibition at Nixon House, Walker's second solo show and first outside Toronto, is meant to gather a

range of responses and, by inviting viewers to write down individual feelings and fantasies inspired by the images, to underscore that there is no one prescribed way to react to art. Beneath the images are two brief, self-labelled "Take it, consisting words labeled *Take*, and another labeled *Leave* of where viewers deposit the cards

The poster image (above) and sharers (back) (top) are *See & Tell*



Swift of swimmer (top), deer, sea and tell

on which they have recorded their reactions.

Fortunately, the artistic accomplishment of the work is not marred by the Gallaghers' Walker has chosen to attach to it. Among his canons with painterly care, he has been able to turn two performers in skins into glittery, graceful fireworks. A deer on a based becomes a shadowy figure standing right on the edge of a more dangerous leap. Other images re-create the childlike vision of looking through squinted eyes to see a world more robust and beautiful: a horse jumping is all springy pink and blue lines just barely darkened by hoves; a swimmer is a half-sail of blues.

Walker didn't take up photography until 1975. After completing his psychiatric training, he decided upon a restorative, meandering trip around the world. Using some literary baggage, he and his wife bought cameras to take along. Other than to say that the abstract effects are all achieved in the camera and that he jumps on the sets of his slide film from 44 to 100, Walker prefers not to discuss the mechanics of his distinctive technique. "I'm interested in things that are universal and archetypal," he says. "I'm looking for an internal kind of energy. Whether a figure has two eyes and a nose is not so important." Now 50, Walker finds his brush-had and hobby uniquely intertwined. As a doctor he earns enough to cover the expense of having slides printed or, in the case of the New York show (the fruits of a government-pending trip to New York, portfolio is held), to enlist the services of Nixon, Cooper, Ryans, an outstanding Canadian design firm, to create a poster, press kit and other exhibition materials.

In discussing his photographs, Walker distinguishes formal photography, which emphasizes the emotive qualities of color and form. Unlike his stark blacks, the photographs are not a diagnostic tool, but are the therapeutic setting they do serve as a catalyst in bring out feelings and conflicts. The image on the exhibition's poster, two curved forms joined and spreading in waves into the space around them, was thought by one of Walker's female patients to be the doctor and his wife in nude embrace. In fact, the picture is of another, and clothed, couple.

Nevertheless, Walker's images are photographs and it's difficult not to wonder what "reality" appeared before the shutter and was metamorphosed into pretty blues and repeated patterns. But the poetic achievement of the images makes such scientific inquiry too Philistine—maybe even a little repressed. ☐



Going for the good stuff



It was almost midnight when Carrie Houston reached the bottom of her "in" basket and unscratched the telegram announcing another entry was on its way to the Banff International Festival of Film for Television—this one from Moscow. "Wow, Idaho, I thought to myself," recalls Houston, the festival's co-ordinator. "Then I saw it was signed by Soviet TV. I wanted to run down the street yelling, 'The Russians are coming! The Russians are coming!'" Instead, Houston, producer, Edmonton film-maker Phil Fraser with yet another confirmation that his brainchild, a television film festival, had mushroomed into a major event.

Not only are the Soviets—traditionally oblivious to film festivals—entering the Banff competition, but TV film-makers from Japan to Brazil flooded Houston's mail with entries. There are submissions from every North American network as well as from Asia, South America, Australia, New Zealand and most European countries. Overwhelmed by more than 200 films, Houston had to assemble at the last moment a pre-screening committee to cut the competition in half. Running from Aug. 26 to Sept. 1 in Banff, the festival is not the only one of its kind (the Italian and the Swiss have held theirs), but it is unique in accepting only made-for-television motion pictures shot mainly on film, not videotaped, and in offering hard-cash prizes—\$3,000 for the best film in each of five categories and \$5,000 for the festival's best.

The TV festival grew out of the inter-



Festival organizers Fraser (left) and Heather, a TV Cannes in the Rockies?

national film festival that Fraser (whose production credits include *Why Shoot the Troubadour?*, *Movie Asset*) organized for the Commonwealth Games last year in Edmonton. Nevertheless, Fraser, however, anticipated such enthusiasm from the international film community. "I'm now responsible for hundreds and hundreds of hours of film that I've armed with rights and distribution frameworks," says Lee Hill, an executive producer of Fraser's plotters for television. "The excitement of a festival such as this is that it allows us to evaluate, discuss and appreciate projects that would otherwise remain."

Banff also stresses the value of an international forum for a group otherwise geographically isolated. "Besides," he laughs, "Banff is pretty."

Gathering in the Rockies, the world's TV film-makers will take part in a series of workshops ranging from global finance and marketing, with former Paramount executive Bernard Deneenfield and *J. Victor Rogers* of the investment firm Neubelt, Thompson, Bergfeld, to film technology led by Lee O'Donnell, of Toronto's Film House. Costs of the festival, sponsored by New Western Film and Television Foundations, are being picked up by various levels of government and private donors.

Never a television fan herself, Houston has discovered from screening the entries that *Lawrence and Shirley* is not the final statement in television art. The film comes from *The Cow Is Green*, starring Katharine Hepburn.

Allen Pritchard is in TV.

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